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THE NEW DOLL.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

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## LOVE AND SKATING.

THE moon was looking brightly out,  
The stars all gleeful dancing,  
While all along the snow-bound shore  
The giant trees seemed prancing.

A night for glad, exultant love;  
For wooing and for winning.  
The little god with well-arched bow,  
Sent shafts at random spinning.

Soft mitten hands close held in mine  
Set all my nerves a-quiver:  
The blood went tingling through my veins,  
While skating down the river.

The roaring flames leaped madly up,  
The sparks fell in a shower:  
With jealous care I guarded Nell  
From their consuming power.

But skating sparks, not burning ones,  
Were doomed to bring me sorrow;  
For Nell went gliding off with one,  
And jilted me, the morrow.

Then fiercely skated I alone,  
My sorrow mutely nursing,  
The treach'rous, witching, skating girls,  
In my stern anger cursing:

"The ice is their true counterpart,  
Alluring, smooth and glowing,  
Yet, surging coldly underneath  
Is Death's dark current flowing.

"So sparkling, trusting, glad and gay,  
They skim with us the river:  
They lure our willing hearts away,  
Then turn and freeze the giver.

"Deceitful, graceful, skating girls!  
I'll shun you all forever;  
And, scornfully, alone I'll glide  
Adown life's frozen river."

Thus, musing, I moved slowly on,—  
How weary I was growing,  
The waspish frost assailed my ears,  
From arctic ice-cliffs blowing.

A rippling laugh, a breezy rush—  
A pleasant,airy flutter,  
And Kittie Clyde was by my side,  
My aunt's adopted daughter.

Her great brown eyes flashed into mine,  
Full of a starry shining.  
"O, Hal, you awful cloud," she cried,  
"Come, show your 'silver lining!'"

She fluttered round me like a bird,  
Wrapped in her snowy ermine:  
What thoughts within her bosom stirred  
I could not well determine.

Her face was like the rosy glow  
That heralds in the morning:  
I knew her heart was pure as snow,  
Her life asked no adorning.

A tiny glove fell at my feet—  
She challenged me to catch her:  
Her skating skill was something rare,  
No other lass could match her.

Away she flew like white-winged bird,  
Back flinging me her laughter;  
I picked the dainty gauntlet up,  
And swiftly followed after.

Her hair like golden pennon streamed,  
Her white-plumed hat from under;  
She flashed electric o'er the ice,  
I boomed along like thunder.

In swiftest run between two points  
The winning had been easy;  
But skating to a flying goal,  
To say the least, was *breezy*.

(Did e'er you chase a butterfly  
Through fields of scented clover,  
And weary sit, with empty hands,  
When the vain flight was over?)

Straight forward she would shoot awhile,  
Like swiftly bounding arrow;  
But when I heard her quick-drawn breath,—  
The space had grown so narrow,—

Something went by me like a flash  
And she was gone! — O, whither?  
I turned; in seeming unconcern  
She skated hither, thither!

She doubled, curved, and shot ahead,  
My wits were in confusion;  
The north wind's stinging wasps were hived,  
The cold was a delusion.

Her ostrich plume stayed in my hand,  
Once, when I grasped and missed her;  
But she was rods away, at once—  
The very wild winds' sister!

I dimly saw, all up and down,  
That eager groups were waiting;  
Our race, like Gilpin's, betted on,  
Ours was the only skating.

I knew, at length, that Kittie's zeal  
Was fading, surely waning;  
Courage! the bird I soon would hold,  
Yes, truly, I was gaining!

But, suddenly she wheeled about,  
With radiant face to greet me:  
"Why, Hal! how slow you are!" she cried,  
"Poor fellow, couldn't you beat me?"

"I've won," I cried, "Miss Kittie Clyde!  
Your strength has all abated!"  
"The match," quoth she, "was not of strength,  
For proof of skill I skated!"

Just then, with shamed and drooping face,  
Those watching crowds she heeded:  
"Oh! shield me, Hal, from their sharp eyes!"  
Her starry ones mute pleaded.

So, with her hand tight clasped in mine,  
We skated down the river.  
O, blessed spark that lured one Nell  
Away from me forever!

For Kittie's eyes with softened light  
Now shine within my dwelling:  
I feel their glow within my heart,  
It crowns the tale I'm telling!

Thus, skating down the years we glide  
Through every shade of weather;  
And whether fair, or whether foul,  
We meet it both together! — F. A. Blaisdell.

## THE FLUTE-TORTURES OF RAPHAEL MENGS.

From the German of Elise Polko.

ONE evening during the spring of 1745 a company of musical friends and lovers of art had assembled at the hospitable house of Sylvester, the court painter of Saxony, to meet the celebrated Domenico Annibali, whose distinguished appearance and sweet voice at that time enchanted all Dresden, and threw even the queen of the opera, the proud Faustina Hasse, and the charming Molteni, quite into the background. The proper hour for the arrival of the guests had not yet come; and only a few intimate friends of Sylvester's, among them the highly gifted court composer, Adolph Hasse, sat talking together in front of the music-room, upon a garden terrace which overlooked that portion of the Elbe where lay the so-called Italian Village, a true art colony and a little nest for foreign as well as for native singing-birds, musicians and actors. The trees were in leaf, and spring touched with a magical beauty the whole country. One perceived everywhere the tender green, the delicate buds, the early violets, and that faint, intoxicating perfume which is only exhaled from the first spring blossoms.

The moon was rising, and cast its shimmering veil proudly and tenderly over this young beauty, adding a charm to the whole scene, while from the last house in the Italian Village was heard the trembling tones of a flute which mingled with the entrancing song of a nightingale that was singing among the bushes in the garden.

The conversation of the friends upon the terrace was suddenly interrupted in a singular manner.

"Oh! my friends, am I compelled even here to listen to a flute?" cried a young and strikingly handsome man, rising as if violently excited. "Allow me to go into the house. I can not bear it."

It was the talented artist, Franz Maron, of Vienna, who had just returned from Rome, and was making a short stay in Dresden, in order to visit his old friend Sylvester.

"But, *amico mio*, one must always encounter a flute, so long as there are melancholy lovers in the world!" said Sylvester, compassionately. "Conceal yourself

for a while in my studio; there at least you will not hear it so distinctly. That zealous student over there torments me frequently; he is the old, half-witted musician and enamel painter, Ishmael Mengs, a lonely misanthrope, who will have nothing to do with his kind, and can only be enticed out of his den by the promise of music. You will see him here this evening, as Domenico Annibali is the enchanter who possesses the power to draw him hither. He himself plays tolerably well upon the flute; but he appears, as just now, to give lessons to some unfortunate pupil wholly destitute of talent. The sounds are truly doleful; and then, after every difficult passage, or badly executed trill, his expostulations and scoldings are wasted across to me. How often have I anathematized this neighbor of mine; and yet he interests me, too, this curious fellow, with his sinister look and manner. But his eyes and features form a really splendid study for our pencils; and who knows if he may not please even you, Maron, notwithstanding his flute, and that in the end you may not entreat him to sit to you as a study for a patriarch or prophet?"

The young artist only shook his head in a melancholy and slightly impatient manner, upon the conclusion of this long discourse, and disappeared into Sylvester's studio, which was next to the music-room.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Domenico Annibali and Adolph Hasse, at the same instant.

"Ah! it is only a romantic story, but one that has made him ill and entirely unfitted him for work. He has lost a beloved one!"

"How enviably young he must be, if he still grieves over it," laughed Annibali.

"The poor man," sighed Hasse, gently, while the thoughtful expression in his beautiful eyes became still deeper. "Is she dead—or—" Here his voice failed, and a look of passionate pain crossed his face.

"She is simply lost to sight. He knows not where she is, and in his despair has now conceived the insane idea of seeking for her over the whole earth."

"Fool! How does he know that if he should find her he would not have had only his trouble for his pains?" murmured Annibali. "Where did he lose her?"

"In Rome; and there he at last decided that she must have returned to Germany."

"Was she a German? Ah! then he may yet hope, for the Germans are faithful," exclaimed Hasse, earnestly. "But tell us as much as is allowable of this sad story. Perhaps we can all help to seek for the stolen one."

"It is no secret; you may hear it all, and the story is soon told," replied Sylvester, as he filled their glasses.

"My young friend lived in the Quartier Georgio, in Rome, during the period of his student life, and visited the Vatican as diligently as does every zealous student who is in love with his profession, there to dream over the highest models, to wonder and to learn. One day, as he entered the stanze of Raphael, he noticed a little group sitting at a small table drawing, and who did not even raise their eyes as he approached, so deeply absorbed were they in their work. Apparently they were brother and sisters. The boy was scarcely eighteen years old, and very handsome, while the two sisters were evidently younger. The elder of the girls seemed to exercise a supervision over the others, for her graceful head was often bent over their work, with an expression of anxiety, and the only words she addressed to those opposite to her were from time to time a hasty whisper 'Fà presto.'

"Our young friend, the artist, was astonished at the beauty of these clover-leaves, and never wearied of admiring them. There was a peculiar charm in the features of the two elder: the youngest had light hair and blue eyes, and the others by contrast appeared very dark. The most delicate profiles, bewitchingly curved lips, dark brown eyes with heavy lids fringed with long lashes, beautiful brows and rich black hair, enchanted the eyes of the artist.

"They worked continuously without interruption, almost without motion, and with the exception of the oft-repeated 'Fà presto,' one heard no sound from the little party. There was something very pathetic in the expression of gravity combined with utter joylessness that rested upon all these young faces, making them seem much older than they really were; and one could not fail to notice the striking poverty of their dress. When the artist left the palace, in order to take some refreshment at his modest lodgings, the brother and sisters remained and partook of

their frugal lunch in the same corner; and when evening came and he collected his artist's materials together, he left them still industriously working.

"One morning, soon after the first meeting, urged by a feverish curiosity to learn something more about this singular party, the artist came so early, and remained so late, that he saw the tyrant who exercised authority over the sisters and brother: namely, as he related to me, a dark, stern man of about fifty years of age, and at whose entrance all the beautiful eyes were timidly raised toward his frowning countenance. In the morning he divided their tasks among them, and in the evening saw that they had been fulfilled. His arrival was evidently awaited with much fear by all three. He spoke a harsh Italian, and my young friend insists that once the little blonde answered him in German.

"Maron described him almost as a cruel enchanter of the olden fairy tales, who captured and then tormented beautiful children, and curiously enough his description always reminds me of Ishmael Mengs, for he could well play such a rôle; but he has no wife nor children—indeed, he came to us from Copenhagen a desolate widower.

"In the course of time, Franz Maron ventured gradually to approach the brother and sisters; for later he met them in the Sistine Chapel and in the Belvedere Court, everywhere equally unwearied in their work. But each attempt at conversation was met with such a look of apprehension on the part of the sisters, and such cold reserve of manner from the brother, that the young artist felt himself repulsed, and was obliged to content himself with stopping for a moment in passing to wonder at and admire the beauty and correctness of their sketches. In so doing he learned always skillfully to take his place opposite the elder sister, and could thus observe every motion of the long, black lashes; and sometimes she would raise her eyes and allow a quick, furtive glance to fall upon her silent worshiper, our young friend.

"I should like to see the woman who could long remain unmoved by the admiration of such a handsome fellow. Gradually these two happy ones looked longer and deeper into each other's eyes, until at length the soul revealed the secret that as yet had not found words, and the wonderful flower of love bloomed for them. But, notwithstanding this happiness, he could come no nearer to his beloved one, and was forced to be contented with following the youthful figures every evening secretly, at a distance, until they disappeared with their tormentor, in the dark entrance of a small house, where the strange man lived with his wards and one deaf old servant. Then, as one exiled, Maron would remain standing always in the same spot, silently hoping that he might see the shadow of the lovely girl once more cross the window. The tones of a flute were then heard until far into the night, sounding often as the exercise of some martyred pupil, and yet again as the composition of a master. And while the flute was being played, a window in the upper story was opened so softly that one could scarcely hear it, and a small hand would let fall a rose, a sweet, silent greeting—that was all. It was indeed all a mystery, everything connected with the whole party; and just as the first smiles of this charming maiden had greeted him, just as a thousand foolish plans of tearing them from the captivity of their secret tyrant had arisen in his mind, the brother and sisters, with their tormentor, suddenly disappeared without leaving the slightest clew by which they could be traced.

"My friend sought for them throughout the Eternal City, and despairingly asked questions about them in all possible places; but in vain. No one could give him any tidings of the lost ones. Many remembered to have seen the strange man, and the beautiful children, but no one knew their name or where they had lived; they only knew that they came from that far-off land where bears and eternal snow abound, and that they had also been in Germany. This sorrow has driven our poor Maron away from Rome and rendered him so hopelessly sad that until now not even his beloved art has afforded him the slightest comfort. He is at length on his way to his native home, the gay Vienna; but returns to it, I fear, desponding and without hope for the future. His imagination paints unceasingly the most frightful pictures. He believes his beloved to be numbered no more among the living, but to have been secretly murdered in the most cruel manner by the monster who through some dark fatality had become her master. This is my young friend's sad story, and

you can readily imagine that the tones of a flute must ever remind him, in the most distressing manner, of his lost one."

An hour later, and no one bestowed a thought upon this melancholy tale. Brilliant and lively guests filled the rooms of the court painter; beautiful women and distinguished men laughed and chatted together; velvet, satin, and waves of lace rustled here and there, and the celebrated Domenico Annibali sang a new aria, by the young Italian composer, Adolfati, with the full charm of one educated after the method of Bernacchi's school, and with the melting tones of his incomparable voice. In the darkest corner of the music-room sat Franz Maron, resting his care-worn brow upon his hands. After the last notes had died away, there was a moving to and fro, and merry whispering, as lovely lips congratulated the singer, and beautiful eyes sought his. Even Faustina Hasse, *la divina*, had a word of praise for him, and the little Molteni allowed him to kiss her hand. Scarcely had the storm of applause subsided when a man of remarkable appearance made his way through the crowd toward the singer and lightly touched his arm. A pair of wild, sparkling eyes met Annibali's astonished look. A strange, yet well-formed head appeared before him, and a tall, slender figure stood, as if it had suddenly arisen out of the ground, close beside him.

"I beg of you to sing that magnificent aria once more," he asked in almost breathless voice. "I came unfortunately too late. A stupid pupil who will not learn anything detained me so that I have only heard the last part of your wonderful song. I will give you whatever you ask if I can only hear the whole of that air, and I should like to throw my flute into the Elbe since I have heard your exquisite voice."

"Who are you? Do you know, I think that I shall hold you to your promise?" said the singer, laughingly.

"I am Ishmael Mengs," was the reply. "Say what you would like, and what I can do for you."

Before Annibali could reply, there was a confused noise just behind him. The women screamed and the men crowded forward. Something surprising had happened. The young artist, Franz Maron, had suddenly fainted! The startled group gradually dispersed, as there was no occasion for alarm, or indeed that the gayety of the evening should in the least be interrupted, as it was only a slight fainting-fit from which the invalid quickly recovered. They carried him into Sylvester's studio, and only Annibali and the master of the house remained with him.

The little scene, however, caused quite a sensation, for although few knew the artist, yet the melancholy style of his beauty had in the course of the evening not remained unnoticed; and the women, especially, professed themselves interested in his pale and troubled countenance. The famous singer himself undertook to allay the excitement, and declared that the young artist was already quite himself, and hoped to be able in a short time to rejoin them. All felt themselves reassured, and the conversation turned upon other subjects, and universal pleasure was expressed when it was known that Annibali was about to repeat the beautiful aria of Adolfati's.

Hasse had already taken his seat at the piano, when the singer, who seemed quite excited, bent down and whispered: "The clew to Maron's beloved one is found. Ishmael Mengs has given me, as the price of the aria, permission to visit him and to see his children, for our young friend has discovered in him the master and guardian of the party that he met in Rome."

A few days afterward a wonderful report was circulated in Dresden—a tale of most cruel tyranny exercised by a father and master. Only the nearest neighbors had ever known of the existence of a son and two daughters, whom the avaricious father had determined should, at the cost of any sacrifice, become distinguished artists. To the celebrated singer was it now given to break open the fast-closed doors and to liberate the youthful prisoners.

It was indeed a prison where he found these patient victims of their father's arbitrary will. They sat in a small, narrow room, looking down upon a courtyard, drawing and painting, as of old in the Belvedere Court and in the Sistine Chapel. When the stranger entered he received no greeting, and his salutation was not returned until the stern father had given his children permission to speak. Annibali gazed with the greatest admiration upon the sketches and crayons which the brother and sisters spread before him, and at his urgent request the young Ra-

phael rapidly drew in crayon a speaking likeness of him. With this portrait the singer hastened to his particular patron, Count Brühl, who listened with astonishment to the story of the discovery of the wonderful children.

At a sign from the all-powerful minister the prison walls vanished forever, and light, air, and liberty surrounded the young captives. It was a day of great excitement for all Dresden when the sisters and brother were presented at court for the first time.

The Elector commanded that the young Raphael should have an easel placed in one of the rooms of the castle, and he himself proposed to sit for his portrait. The Electress provided a wardrobe for the sisters Theresa and Julia Mengs; and they looked very lovely when they appeared before their protectress, seeming somewhat as ransomed princesses who had come to take possession again of their crowns. The Electress had called them her little daughters, and wished them to be arrayed in accordance with the prevailing mode. Their hair was artistically arranged and dressed with powder, and they wore long trailing gowns of a light green color, puffed and looped with knots of ribbon. Their appearance excited universal admiration, and it became at once the fashion for the nobility to affect an interest in behalf of the sisters and brother.

The attention of a whole city was now concentrated upon Theresa's silent love; and all found something unspeakably touching in the romance of these two young hearts, and declared the fidelity of the lovers to be deserving of the highest reward. And here the Electress herself undertook the part of a mediator, so that in one month after the release of the brother and sisters, the happy young pair, Theresa and Maron, were united.

And Raphael—his fortune was made. He was admired by all women for his handsome and melancholy countenance; and every one, the most beautiful as well as the ugliest, wished to sit to him for her portrait. Ishmael Mengs saw his ambitious plans fulfilled in the most brilliant manner, for his son's fame spread itself over the world.

Now, for the first time, the children's tongues were loosened, and terrible confessions of a severity without an equal were whispered from ear to ear. The father had forced his children to work, by depriving them of the most necessary clothing, and only in the evening did they venture to breathe the fresh air. Then they would flutter as shy night-moths around the gardens and splendid houses, to gaze longingly at all the magnificence which seemed to them so fairy-like; or else they would sit on the shore of the Elbe, so close to the water that the waves often splashed over the little feet encased in the old torn shoes, as they softly pictured to each other the sweet story of the future days of artistic fame, when they should be able to dress as other people, to associate with companions, to gather beautiful flowers, and also be able to sleep without interruption until they should awaken of themselves. Their life was always the same, wherever they might be: in Italy or Germany, it mattered not, they knew no other. Their mother died when they were very young, and none of the children could remember ever having played. The pencil was placed between their little fingers at a very early age, and the stern drawing-lessons followed in their childhood. Then, later, came the study of perspective, the mixing of colors, the drawing in chalk by day and modeling figures by night; and if the task was not faultlessly fulfilled, there followed the punishment with the dreaded whip. And yet all this the young Raphael would have endured without a murmur, if one torment had not been added—the hated lessons upon the flute. "If the youth can not become a great painter, I will at least make him an honest musician," was a common saying of his father's; and hence each evening Ishmael Mengs would give him a lesson upon his favorite instrument, the flute. The boy, who otherwise was accustomed to yield the most implicit obedience, in this case begged his father with many tears to release him from this suffering, and promised to work with his pencil with redoubled diligence. But it was all in vain. His sisters ventured to plead for him, and even offered themselves as substitutes for the little martyr. It was equally useless, and the lessons were given with a mixture of pleasure and severity. Ishmael Mengs, who at other times was so unmerciful, was as music-master disposed to be more patient and indulgent; for a soft spot was then touched in his hard heart, and a flower bloomed in the stony soil of his nature



THE MODERN ADAM AND EVE.—AFTER COMpte-CALIX.

—the passionate love of music. It was indeed his Achilles tendon, and whatever touched that awakened the better feelings of his heart.

As Augustus III. stood near the easel of the eighteen-year-old Raphael, who had just completed a bright, laughing portrait of the Elector in the space of two hours, he desired him to ask a favor of him in the presence of the Electress and her ladies, the court prince and his consort, the Count Brühl, the clever court confessor, Father Guerini, and the circle of brilliant courtiers who crowded around in admiration of such rare talent. "And whatever you ask shall be granted," he said.

Then Raphael Mengs raised his beautiful, sad eyes, with childish frankness, to the face of his powerful protector.

"Ah!" said he, "only command that my father shall never make me play upon the flute again."

How the gay ladies and gentlemen of the court laughed. But Father Guerini laid his hand gently

upon the dark curls of the youth, and said smilingly, as he turned toward the Elector: "Surely the little one deserves for such humility to become court painter." And the "little one" became in reality, in his eighteenth year, court painter to Augustus III., and never again was forced to play upon a flute.

Later, when in the zenith of his fame as an artist, Raphael Mengs painted his celebrated frescoes in the Villa Albani, beyond the Porta Solari, in Rome, he frequently remembered those painful studies of his youth. In the midst of all the goddesses of a shining Parnassus, one recognizes the likenesses of his beautiful wife, Marguerita, and of his lovely sisters; and there appears also the charming figure of a shy child who is receiving instruction upon the flute from one of the goddesses.

This group survives until now, in the freshest colors, at once a sorrowful and glad remembrance of the unhappy days of his childhood and of the lessons upon the dreaded flute. —A. B. Neilson.

#### A TRIO OF FINE PICTURES.

IT used to be an adage commonly believed, that men of genius, if they raised children at all, usually only raised them in dwarfed and stinted proportions, with little life and less vivacity. But late years have done much to disprove the whole idea; and certainly there is a strong additional disproof shown in the picture on our first page, "The New Doll." The young lady holding the treasure is the daughter of Edmond About, the distinguished French novelist and feuilletonist; and our readers will lie under obligations to that favorite artist, Mr. John S. Davis (who also contributes several other fine pictures in the number), for having sketched the happy incipient mother, one day in the conservatory of the author's residence, which chanced to be very near his own. About's daughter has all the elements of life and health: let us hope as much for the newly enthroned doll, which, to be candid, has something of a pinched look about



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS.—AFTER LEJEUNE.

the nose, and a certain stare in the eyes, indicative of early decay. An old story is told over again, in "The Modern Adam and Eve"—"The woman gave to me and I did eat." Compte-Calix, the graceful, has seldom done anything better than this little picture of a convenient mode of "hooking" apples, with which more than one of those who read may chance to have been once acquainted. The pretty girl in the bonnet will certainly reach the pippins; and the handsome young fellow with the velvet breeches, whose hat is being improved in shape by the horse's foot, will no doubt share the plunder and in the event of detection throw the blame on the fair tempter. By a happy thought, the serpent of the occasion is also introduced; so that possibly the lady may charge the offense on *Him*, and he on the dog, for all that we can tell to the contrary! A much sadder story is that told by "The Fisherman's Daughters," by Lejeune—a story of childish bravery in peril, combined with naturally childish tremor. The

two children, making a short-cut across the sands, have been caught by the advancing tide, on a coast where it rises with such celerity as sometimes to even overtake a horseman at speed, and to a height undreamed of by the people of other latitudes. The peril is deadly; and a few moments may see covered the little rocky hillock which they have attained, and their fair young limbs beaten about by the hungry and cruel waters, unless there should come an almost miraculous deliverance.

◆ ◆ ◆  
"EVENING."  
◆ ◆ ◆

THE close of the day always appeals to the human heart with a force not possessed either by the bright morning or the gaudy noon; poets, especially, being moved by that time of fading light as by no other period of the day. Is it because the fading of light reminds the observer of the decline of life?—that

roundings, suggestive of that lying down for the last sleep which is typified by the falling of dusk over the earth and the preparation for nightly slumber following? That Gray had this thought in his mind, when penning that wondrously beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is beyond doubt—all his illustrations and imagery being a convincing proof. And that Bryant, in his admirable "Thanatopsis," was possessed of the same line of thought, is equally evident. Not all Americans understand what special privileges of "evening" they enjoy, with clear skies, gorgeous sunsets, and air of the balmiest, in contradistinction to the murky atmospheres usually endured by more than half the world. Thanks to the painters, nearly as fond of this time of day as the poets, they occasionally find aid to understand what might be else a mystery; and not least among these apostles of evening is Kruseman Van Elten, whose picture of "Evening—Pigeon Cove, Mass." is instinct with the very spirit of the place and hour.

## IMPRISONED.

I KNOW how fair the sunset is to-night;  
I see its crimson traces on the wall—  
I know the western heaven is all alight;  
But in this prisoning room I lose it all.

The pattern of the paper on the wall,  
The titles of the books along the shelves,  
The carpet's woven mazes, one and all  
Weary my eyes as they repeat themselves.

Yet nature sends consolers, even here;  
Pale, faithful asters, true as love in death,  
Come from their autumn haunts, with smiles of cheer,  
And sweet red clover wafts its healthful breath.

The gentian brings me, in its chalice blue,  
Shut close and cool, a little of the sky;  
The golden-rod, resplendent through and through,  
Shakes out its yellow sunshine royally;

But all the freedom of the sky and air,  
And all the glory of the earth and sea,  
The thousand charms which make the world so fair,  
And life so sweet—are shut away from me.

All that is fresh and cool on sea or land  
Seems from my sense forevermore apart:  
The flowers wither in my burning hand,  
And tremble with the tumult of my heart.

Not mine the glorious visions which unfold  
To saints who waver on life's slippery bound:  
I catch no gleam from angels' crowns of gold,  
I hear no heavenly harp's melodious sound.

Ah, when these earthly conflicts, fierce and sharp,  
Are over, and life's tiresome story told,  
I can be glad without the joyful harp,  
And satisfied without the crown of gold.

So, if it be my time, let me depart—  
My swath is mown, my few poor sheaves are bound—  
After the workman's hand has lost its art,  
Why should he stay?—why cumbers he the ground?

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

## LOST LILLIAN BRACY;

A TRADITION OF CHARLES II'S TIME.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE PERIL OF LETTY BRYCE'S LIPS.

FOR many minutes Letty Bryce wrote rapidly, at the table in the old hall of Bracy's Hope, by the torch now flaring somewhat low, apparently copying some of those dangerous papers which she had taken from the carved chest. The small hands that had thus far only been expert at counting and assorting the pieces of linen in the laundry, seemed equally deft at handling the pen; albeit it was evident that the girl wrote under no little excitement, and although once and again she paused for an instant and listened, as she had good warrant to do, in fear that some interruption might come before the completion of that task for which it had cost her so much of time and watching to find an opportunity.

At length—hark!—there were sounds without. Heavy steps came up the hall, and seemed at the door. Not those of Stephen Chester, returning, as the listening ears knew only too well: those, most certainly, either of the master of Bracy's Hope or some other who trode with equal forceful weight. There was even the sound of a hand, apparently at the door, though its opening could not well follow, as it had been locked close behind the servitor. But danger of discovery threatened, in one guise or another; and on the instant of the first sound, the papers were caught from the table with a hand that faltered not even if it trembled—those belonging to herself thrust hurriedly into concealment on her person, and those abstracted thence returned to the chest, the lid closed and fastened, with wondrous speed and so little noise as could not well have been heard by the most attentive ear without.

This done, poor Letty Bryce stood still and trembling by the table, her heart beating wildly, and a semblance of almost pitiful fright on the girlish face, while the hands grasped the discarded slate as if that, at the worst, might furnish some excuse for intrusion beyond her place.

Not too soon; for, though the door opened not, the click of metal was heard at another and secret door, hidden in a panel of the corner, and until then unknown to the young girl; and in the next moment, when she had as yet scarce realized the shape of this new danger, the steps sounded within the

apartment instead of without, and Walter Bracy stood before her.

There was reason to believe that he had returned from some revel, beyond the Hope, for his garments seemed not a little in disorder, and his face was flushed as if from wine. That he had not known of the presence of Letty Bryce in the apartment, was sure; for, for the instant, seeing her, his inflamed eyes had the glare of wondering anger, changing only too soon into a far worse and more dangerous expression.

"How now, wench! What do you here?" he demanded, roughly and in hoarse voice.

"Lawk, measter, how feared I was! It be 'ee, measter, for sure and sartin, bean't it, now!" was the reply, the entrapped serving wench ceasing to need any semblance of fright, but seeking by a mighty effort to master herself and to gain time for thought, and for the speech in excuse which must needs follow.

"What do you here, I say? Who gave you right, wench, to be elsewhere at Bracy's Hope than in the laundry or the scullery?" was the harsh repetition of the previous questioning.

"Ees, measter, I will tell 'ee, if, mayhap, 'ee won't be so doleful hard wi' a poor girl—ees! Stephen do see I be so woundy stupid, like, and do tell me to write like him on this big stone board wi' un white marks—ees. It be so still here, like, measter, that I do come here, sometimes, a-tryin' if I can do summat wi' it—don't 'ee see, measter?"

This explanation, perhaps not all arrived at on the instant, but part of a previous thought for use in the event of detection, was accompanied with courtesies, and contortions of the body little else than wriggling, and the putting of a finger in mouth, and all the other accomplishments in depreciation, of poor Letty Bryce; with a bold stroke of finesse to close—nothing less than the attempt to interest the harsh master in the success of her endeavor, by holding up the slate, or more nearly thrusting it into his face, the very simplicity of earnestness in the concluding inquiry:

"I be a doin' of it noise, now—bean't I, measter?"

"Tush, wench, what have I to do with your follies, or those of that crack-brained old fool, Stephen?" was the rough response, with a waving away of the obtruded slate, which was really a dash of impatience and sent it ringing to the floor. "Away with you to the scullery, and at once, before worse happens to you!"

"Ees, measter."

With this stereotyped assurance Letty Bryce started to obey—oh, how quickly and gladly! Not pausing to pick up the slate, she had crossed the apartment, and was indeed at the door, her hand upon it, and the key already turned in the lock, without Walter Bracy being quite aware of the rapidity of her going. Indeed, how could he have been?—for to the brain, heated and no little obscured by wine, had come in that instant one of the very worst temptations of his evil life, muttered below his breath in the words:

"Should this pretty fool have a pair of lips worth the trying? Who knows? Some devil sent her here, into this lonely room, with none other than myself, on purpose to tempt me! And wherefore not? Her baby-face gave her a home in my house: why should it not pay the penalty? You were jealous of her from the first, peeping and spying, were you, Maude Bracy? By the bones of Old Noll, we shall see whether your sight can pierce oaken doors, to know what is passing here! Half a score of kisses, at least, e'en now, as fair earnest of the future!"

Rapidly as the poor girl had crossed the room and come to the very verge of her escape, this rush of mad, unholy thought had been more rapid through the brain of Walter Bracy; and yet was her hand on the lock, and the door unopened though the bolt was moved,—when one fatal order sounded, which she dared not disobey:

"Stop! Come back hither! I have bethought me of an errand to do, before you go."

Stricken by an undefinable fear, and yet with no thought of the danger which really menaced, Letty Bryce returned for a few steps from the door, waiting what she expected to be a command.—To find her arm grasped with a suddenness and a firmness giving no hope of escape, and to hear the breath of the man she so feared, almost at her ear, hissing into it:

"Wench, you would learn to write! There is something else that I would have you learn, instead—nay, that I *will* have you learn—to love!"

A great fear fell upon the young girl—she had been more or less than human, else—a faint sinking of the heart and momentary dying out of the powers of life, in the sudden knowledge of that awful, uncalculated danger, of hearing unholy words and suffering the touch of a bad, reckless man, without the power to resist or resent either! What should she do?—what *could* she do? Her unuttered cry went up; may we not believe that it found an answer in instant inspiration? For in the next moment, even had Walter Bracy passed through many surprises in his hardened life, beyond doubt he then and there found that to surpass them all. He had seized upon a poor, helpless, but innocent victim: he found in his hand, if manner and speech could be credited, one little likely to be a victim, even to him!

"Whoy, measter," came the stunning reply, "what be 'ee a-goin' on in that a-way, for? 'Ee want I for a lass, do 'ee? Well, that bean't so woundy hard, to kiss a gentleman—noa; I did be knowin' all about un, so long ago as I can't tell 'ee—ees!"

"You!" the word of surprise came from the lips of the abuser of the helpless with almost the force of an imprecation. "You—what—you hussy—the love of a gentleman is no novelty to you, it would seem!" In the extremity of his surprise, and perhaps of an actual momentary repugnance, he dropped grasp of her arm. Another surprise followed, scarcely less pronounced than that of the previous moment; for the instant that she found her stratagem in so far successful, and herself free from the hold of the man so dreaded, she turned, with the speed of light, and made for the door, remembering, what her pursuer could not know, that it was unlocked, and intent to open it before he could again reach her, and to flee away down the long hallway, into Maude Bracy's apartment, anywhere and at any risk, so that the touch so feared and hated might be escaped.

## CHAPTER XI.

## VIOLENT DEEDS AND SUDDEN DEATH.

But, rapidly as the young girl fled from the man of violence, there was lack of speed for the intent. Some faint suspicion that he was about to be foiled by stratagem may have passed through the brain of Walter Bracy, even though heated and a trifle thickened by wine; for before she could do more than reach the door and lay hand upon the lock—before the fastening could be moved and the door opened even one hair's breadth, his rapid step had pursued and overtaken her, and she felt his strong arms about her waist, dragging her back toward the centre of the apartment, while his half-smothered exclamations blended fully awakened passion and ungovernable rage:

"What, minion! you would fly me! By the Lord, scullion, it is a bold game to play, to mock *me* in my own house! God's wounds!—what care I whether you are springald or leman!"

Scarce could one have believed that so much strength lay in the girlish and almost childish figure, as that shown in the despairing and wordless fight for that purity so much dearer than life, as the rude hands dragged her backward from the door and the inflamed countenance of the cruel master looked that fiery love which is a thousand times more deadly than hate, into her own frightened face. But of what avail even that strength, full exerted, against the thews and sinews of the strong man, strengthened even if maddened by the wine he had imbibed? His grasp tightened upon her; he bent down in the effort to force away that unkissed bloom from the red lips that so at that moment loathed their very ripeness and the evil attraction they formed.

Then a great cry broke from her, in her despair: "Oh, no! no! no! Walter Bracy! For the sake of God!—"

"What!" again spoke the master, in this still new surprise—"those words, to *me*, and from *you*, wench!"

But his hold upon the shrinking form did not relax; and it was a very different voice and manner that the instant after pleaded so pitifully.

"Oh, don't 'ee, measter!—don't 'ee hurt poor Letty, for un love o' heaven! I be so poor and mean, like, measter! Oh, let poor Letty go, won't 'ee, now, please?"

"Silence, minion, or it will be the worse for you!" answered the violent man, literally holding her as in a vise, but, alas!—a vise harder than one of iron, because instinct with human passion and all the devilish impulses in its train.

He forced down his face to hers, in spite of all her

struggles, and the poor girl felt kiss after kiss ravished from her burning cheeks; those struggles only sufficing to defeat the one grand design of Walter Bracy, by keeping the lips buried away from him and thus untouched. Then all the forces of her nature revolted to the last limit of their capacity, and it was almost a literal scream that cried:

"Have done! wretch! monster! if you are not indeed a very fiend, let me go!"

"Peace, minion! peace, I say!" in lower tones and hoarse, but quite as intense, came back the reply; as the now infuriated man closed a hand upon her mouth, in the attempt to stifle what might the next moment be a cry, dangerous even there!

Too late! The hand that would perchance in its mad rage even have crushed out the very breath, had not yet quite closed upon the tortured lips, when from between them issued the sound so dreaded—a cry of agony, given with the full force of the healthful lungs beneath, and ringing through hall and mansion with a strength making secrecy impossible:

"Help! help! oh, help! Mistress Bracy! Stephen! Help! help!"

"I will e'en choke out the life from your carcase, hussy, if you can be stilled in no other way!" cried the now thoroughly demoniac master, making one more effort to close fingers over the mouth, with result of the setting of the white teeth into one of them with a force bringing a groan of pain as the response: this followed by their letting loose, and the repetition of the unconquerable cry:

"Help! help! Mistress Bracy! Help!"

With a curse Walter Bracy loosed his hold and indeed threw her away from him. What act, fatal to the very life yet in his power, might have followed in his exasperation, none can say. For steps were heard in the hall—heard by both the two so singularly consorted; steps, and then voices. An instant more, and the unlocked door was rather burst away from its slight fastenings than opened in the ordinary manner; and then—

Poor Letty Bryce could never have told what of that which followed she saw, or what only fancied that she saw. She could never quite have told, beyond doubt, whether the door was really open and the persons entering recognizable by the maddened man standing in the centre of the apartment, when he drew a pistol from the loose pocket of his doublet, took quick aim at the opening, and fired, with the exclamation, accompanied by a malediction:

"Meddling devils! who bade you interfere? This for the foremost of you!"

That instant, the door now fully open, the pistol fell from the murderous hand, whether in surprise or remorse must ever remain a question to the mere judgments of earth,—and Maude Bracy, followed by Stephen Chester and others of the alarmed household, staggered into the apartment, and fell, a pace or two from the entrance, the life-blood welling from a wound nearly covering the heart, and rather moaning than crying, with her dying breath:

"Oh! Walter Bracy! husband! This, too, from your hand—the hand that I loved so dearly!"

Letty Bryce was on her knees, holding the head of the dying woman, who smiled once upon her, but uttered word no more, and so passed away.

"Mistress! Mistress Maude Bracy!" she cried, in grief and sorrowful amaze. Then, when she saw the last spark of life flicker and expire, she cried again: "Oh, she is dying! Merciful heaven, she is dead!"

The guilty man heard not, or heeded not her words; and truly he heard not those others which followed, but were intended for the All-Hearing ear above:

"Walter Bracy, man of violence and guilt, your last angel has left you! Who shall shelter you, henceforth?"

On the other side of the dying woman, and then of the dead, had also dropped on knee Stephen Chester; and his cry may have sounded more loudly to the ear of the master of Bracy's Hope:

"Measter! oh measter!—what has thee done? Thee has slain the best lady in all the land! She be dead! Oh, mistress, mistress!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW SIR RALPH EDGEcumbe PROVED HIS KNIGHT-HOOD.

Sir Ralph Edgecumbe was once more approaching Bracy's Hope, four days later than that which had witnessed the rough wooing of Letty Bryce and the sad end of Maude Bracy. Upon what errand he came, again and yet again, with no warrant on the one side

of his inclination, and with much less than warrant on the other, in the fear and hatred held by him toward the violent man who there lorded it so boldly, let his own half-spoken words give answer, as he drew rein, in the early afternoon of that day, on the brow of a slight eminence overlooking the Hope, and in the edge of a coppice bordering the road, at that point visible from the mansion as well as commanding a view of it, and indeed a portion of the grounds often frequented by those there making residence:

"My worst fears have been proven sooth, only too soon," he mused, bridle on neck of his bay, and himself sharing the momentary rest of the steed. "Poor Maude Bracy is dead, and gone away to her burial. Her reckless husband is all the more black and gloomy—I believe me all the more villainous and dangerous. The King's justice may not touch him for the deed; for he has fair excuse that his fatal shot was meant for violent men who had broken in the door of his apartment. Before God, I bethink me, he must one day make a different answer; but this must serve for men, and who shall gainsay his excuse?" A pause, in word, if not in thought; and then the rumination continued, with nevertheless something very different in its scope and in the expression which it brought to the comely face. This latter could scarce have been a blush, for such had disgraced the soldier of the Low Countries; and yet—

"What is to be the fate of that poor girl, who has so twined herself around my heart, spite of her ignorance, that only the saints know if I could live were the cords cut away? Of a truth I dread to think of it, and yet what else can I? Walter Bracy, of a certainty, could have had no good purpose in adding her to his household; and now that poor Maude is gone and no hand is left to shelter her—what now remains? By the blood of the martyr!"—and his hand clutched nervously at the thought—"it was not mine to protect the one of his victims, but let him take heed how he assails the other! Tush!" and the mood of the speaker seemed to change again, with a suddenness not usual to him—"tush! of what was I thinking? Can it be possible that I love the pretty silly wench? No! no! a score of times, No! And yet—. Well," with a sigh of relief at this end of his reflection, "what need to think of all this, at the moment? I go to Bracy's Hope, once more, and only once; when there, let me take note of what may be seen and heard, and do the duty that may appear. What an addle-pate was I, to be think me so far in advance of the time and necessity."

The knight shook the bridle of his horse, and settled himself anew in the saddle, to ride on to the Hope; but before proceeding a score of hoof-beats in that direction, paused again, looked intently along the road sweeping downward from the rise on which he stood, and again upward to the mansion. What he saw with that long vision, perchance made more extended in view by campaigning, was sufficient to induce the use of that ever-available telescope found in the curved hand shading the eyes; and this exercise, again, gave birth to words strangely connected with the subject of his late and so varied musings:

"Ralph Edgecumbe, truly the fates work for your undoing at the hand of a serving-wench! By this light, it is she approaching; and I—school-brat, fool, gigot that I am!—I am more glad than I might be at the winning of a fight against double number, to see her make approach! Truly, but that I have ridden far and may not be cruel to the good beast that bears me, it were well to turn bridle and ride away again with all speed, before the coming of worse hap that may not be mended!"

He did not ride away: with bridle again dropped on the neck of his trained horse, he waited the coming of what he half-believed, though jeering himself the while, to be his fate. The young girl came rapidly up the slope, however awkward and slouching her gait; and she either saw not the rider, or managed well to conceal her seeing, until she was within a few yards and advancing. Then she stopped short, with finger going to mouth as the most convenient salutation, and a monosyllable, scarcely more advanced in character, a "Whoy!" of the most primitive surprise.

The man who had been a companion of King Charles could not well do less than assist the awkward and awe-stricken young thing with a word, and he could call to mind nothing more appropriate than the natural inquiry, made while unnecessarily alighting from his horse:

"Well, my good girl!—whither away so fast?" To which the answer was not strictly one, in word: "La, measter, I be woundy glad to see 'ee! I do ha' summat to say to 'ee, if 'ee don't mind. 'Ee won't be vexed wi' poor Letty for botherin' of 'ee, like, wi' something main queer, like, will 'ee?"

"Vexed, Letty? Oh, no; never believe that I could be vexed with you," was the reassuring reply; but with a painful thought that sorrow if not shame might be involved in this humble appeal to his indulgence. This thought, however, a second look into the sweet brown eyes put away in a moment. "No, Letty, no—believe that I shall be only too glad to do you service, at no matter what cost! What wish you?"

"Ees," was the somewhat inconsequent response, again, "I do be so jolly glad, like, that 'ee don't despise poor I, wi' all un fine clothes, and I so main poor and common! 'Ee be very good, indeed—ees!" And now the brown eyes looked full into those of the knight, to his utter and final discomfiture. Forgetting, for the moment, that the poor wench had signified a desire to consult him on some matter probably very different, he could but hear ringing through his brain the reflection:

"How may a man resist his fate, though he be the bravest and the wisest? This poor girl is my fate—I feel and know it beyond all else; poor, half-minded and ignorant as she is!" Almost before he was aware of his own act, he had taken one of those tiny hands, for the time much less soiled than of old, as her raiment was certainly less uncomely; and the fatal words broke irresistibly from lips and heart:

"What would you say to the bluff soldier, Letty, if he told you that he loved you dearly?"

In an instant the hand was disengaged, and Letty Bryce started back a pace, with that in countenance which the "bluff soldier" had small skill to read.

"'Ee is cruel, now, ees!" she said. "'Ee is making a jest o' poor I! Love I—love poor Letty—'ee, a lord, or a sir, or summat like! Oh, noa, noa, don't 'ee say that!" Then the changeable young face caught another expression, which he was quite as powerless to interpret, as she continued: "'Ee said I wasn't old enough to have a chap, yet, for long time, and I must wait—ees; and how can 'ee be my chap a'ready? Don't 'ee mind?"

There was that in this wise simplicity which seemed to complete the subjugation of the knight, if any spark of freedom had indeed before remained. He possessed himself again of the morsel of hand, put it to his lips, as he might have done that of a queen, and said:

"Wait no longer, little Letty, whatever I may have chanced to say on a bygone day. Love me! Love Sir Ralph Edgecumbe, no lord, but a belted knight, who has won his spurs fairly in battle. He will have you taught all that a lady should know, and love you loyally till the day he dies."

There was trouble on the young face, now, that even the straightforward wooer should have been able to read.

"Oh, measter, now I be certain 'ee is trifling wi' poor Letty! 'Ee shouldn't say what is wrong, like, should 'ee?—though I be so main poor and 'ee be so rich and great."

"Wrong, my child?" and the face of the knight was nobly earnest as he spoke. "Wrong? Perish Ralph Edgecumbe's tongue, and the spurs be hacked off his heel, if he speaks of wrong to the young and innocent! No, away with rank, title, everything save my love and the honor that belongs to it! Be my wife, so soon as priest can seal us one."

"Wife? wife?—the wife of Sir Ralph Edgecumbe!"

"Ha! what?" he exclaimed, apparently catching something wondrous in the tone. "Who spoke? But no, my ears must have played me false. My wife, I said, dear Letty, my honored wife."

With the word he put his strong arm around the lithe waist and drew her close. In that moment she was sobbing on his shoulder, but through her sobs came words blending love and fear almost painfully:

"'Ee does make I so happy, to hear 'ee say so—ees; and yet I be so woundy frightened. Let go, now, if 'ee please," and with the request she glided away from his arm. "Don't say aught more, now, don't 'ee, please, measter—I be so scared, like—don't 'ee see?"

The while the wooer's heart was beating with fierce pleasure, alike at the momentary acceptance and the repulse, and saying half-audibly to him:

"She loves me!—by this light she loves me! And yet, poor girl, she is so untutored that she can not



THE CONFSSION.—LUDWIG PASSINI.

e'en tell her own feeling! All the fresher, Ralph Edgecumbe, all the fresher in heart and soul—all the more unlike the painted court-beauties of White-hall and St. Germain, and all the better for thee!"

He lifted her hand, again, with no effort to repossess himself of the form so near him—once more kissed it with the respect that might have been due to his queen, and said, in a voice of deep feeling:

"The lady hath right to command her servant,

ever; and you are the lady of his love, to Ralph Edgecumbe, henceforth, as—God's truth he scarcely knew so much!—you have been since the first day that he set eyes on you. Not another word do I utter, then, if I may speak again and more as becomes my feeling, at fitter time and fitter place. Have I that permission, Letty—sweet Letty, if I have enough proved love and faith to call you so?"

Sir Ralph Edgecumbe was not of those quick-wit-

ted and subtle: else might he have seen that only the most rigid of restraints kept Letty Bryce herself, and his neck unfettered by a chain the hardest to break of all forged on earth. That restraint was maintained, however, in an interest greater than he knew: the hour was near, when he would almost have chosen rather to lose spur from heel, than to have changed one action of that supreme moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE STILLNESS OF DEATH.—CARL HOFF.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

A VARIETY of questions naturally arise in the mind, looking at the first of the two pictures here presented—the "Confession," by Ludwig Passini. What is it, about which the lady says "*Mea culpa!*" with such a gesture of the outstretched hands? Is she Donna Inez, with Don Sancho for a husband, five-and-twenty years older than herself, and thus necessarily

not the most gamesome of gallants? And has Don Felix, handsomest youth of the region, and gay as handsome, been winking and flirting with the senora?—perhaps even to the extent of squeezing her hand? What could be more admirable than the rendering of the severe yet half-amused attention with which the holy father listens to the recital of enormities so foreign to his nature and sympathies?

A story even more effectively conveyed is that of

the "Stillness of Death," by Carl Hoff. Nothing can be more solemnly appropriate than all the belongings of the room, from the sombre old furniture to the half-drawn curtains of the bed; the faces of the bereaved are equally varied and appropriate in their expressions of awe-struck grief. But the master hand shows most powerfully in the conviction of the awful presence of death without a single disclosure of the merely physical manifestation.

## A SPUR TO PEGASUS.

I HAVE your sonnet, dear: I like the rhyme  
That sets your pleasant, tuneful thought in chime  
To sing of me — who, with a stealthy blush,  
Pore o'er my praises in the twilight's hush.

I prize the verses: every word of praise  
My heart lays by, a feast for duller days,  
When you and I, the lovers fond to-day,  
Are quiet married people old and gray.

And yet—I am not pleased. For, dear, I know  
You love me well; yet must that love but show  
In rhymes to eyes that kindle, lips that pout?  
You write—but only the fair shell without

Rouses the poet-nature. Must I be  
Naught to my husband but sweet phantasy?  
For my fair face I have been very glad;  
To-night this tiresome beauty makes me sad.

For all you fancy it a woman's whim,  
I hear Fate at my elbow, stern and grim:  
"Your lover, singing to your winsome eyes,  
Loses his voice for loftier melodies."

You will be angry. Well, I may not rue;  
In speaking truth, I best keep faith with you.  
Dear, what is our love worth, unless it can  
Fashion a better woman, nobler man?

And I am better for you. Head and heart  
Thrive in your presence, as the leaves that start  
To meet the greeting of the April sun,  
Whose winning touch draws out the life begun.

Sadly I set down what is written here:  
I help you not, O friend and lover dear!  
What write you now save odes to me, I ask,  
You with the lyre strung for far nobler task?

And here I beg—aye, even if I do—  
So loose the bond that holds me love, to you—  
Put by these fancies and conceits of wit:  
Choose nobler work and put your soul in it!

Astarte calls, and many a poet comes  
To chant her pæan with the crash of drums  
And all such clatter. Lofty Wisdom stands,  
To all the passers holding out her hands,

And waits for honor. O my singer dear,  
Now let the spirit's fullest chords ring clear:  
The major will, that ever holds life's clew;  
The heart's soft minor, that shall keep will true.

Dear, you can sing such songs, but not for me.  
You have the keys of holy harmony:  
Sing what is noblest, truest, purest, best;  
Songs to the spirit, not the flesh, address.

And so I've said my say, and eased my heart.  
If these harsh words keep you and me apart,  
I shall eat bitter bread and sauce of rue;  
But, dear—I risked your love for love of you!

—Bertha Wythe.

## HARRY'S WAIF: A BIT OF BELATED CHRISTMAS.

THE snow-flakes were holding high carnival. Down they came, rolling and tossing, scrambling along in their mad haste, to be first to greet mother earth. Whispering and laughing, hailing each other with a gentle touch, the tiny white fairies fell softly on tree and rock, on stately spire, and lowly cottage. Even in the crowded streets the merry sprites held full sway, and demonstrated in their own peculiar way the equality of mankind. Alike on the shivering form of the beggar and the fur mantle of the lady they nestled, and peeped merrily round at each other. Dropping in little cold patches on the bare feet of suffering humanity, they yet found entrance to the well-wrapped mortals, and crept lovingly even into the muff of My Lady Splendid. They seemed to have taken this merry Christmas Eve for their own property, and to be disputing the right of people to a single inch of out-door space. They should have been escorted by wind and bitter cold to have succeeded; and instead, they answered the merry shout of the boys by a gentle rush at the rosy cheeks, which only sufficed to make them more rosy still.

All the world was in the streets. The shops were crowded with purchasers of all classes and stations; and wagons filled to excess chased wildly round the corners after their fleetng horses. Even the poor were out. Tired mothers, with a single coin held tight in the hard, rough hand, and eager eyes counting the many little ones, and the few pence that could be spared to make them happy. Many there were who stood hopelessly watching the hurrying crowds around them, who had not even bread, or a place to lay their weary heads.

Harry Burns paced sorrowfully up and down his warm, lighted library, and felt himself as lonely and

heartsick as the poorest could have felt that evening. So much and yet so little! With every luxury of life at command, with an ample fortune, a handsome face, and a fine stalwart figure, he was yet poorer than the little' newsboys who crept to their scanty beds that winter night. Absolutely alone! Not a near relative in the wide world. His parents had died when he was but a child, leaving him and a little sister to the care of a maiden aunt. A few years, and the faithful aunt had followed; and years still later, but all too soon, his sister, his last link of blood, had gone after the others to the silent land, leaving only a little mound of earth under a willow, and a closed and darkened room in the great house.

Only twenty-two, and not an eye that would lighten at his coming, not a voice to call him dear. Always reserved and quiet, he had never made an intimate friend, and he was rather feared by the few that knew him. Sadly, on that Christmas Eve of the swift-falling snow-flakes, he looked round the pretty room, and wished it peopled with pleasant faces and happy voices. After a little the thought struck him that he might at least give presents to the domestics; so with his face brightening wonderfully, he gave the bell such a hearty pull that it brought the servants to their feet in wonder.

"Run quick, Thomas," said the good housekeeper, setting down her cup hastily, and looking a little frightened at the energy of the summons. Tom, otherwise "Boots," needed no second bidding, and went up the stairs and into the library at a double-quick rate. With a face full of mischief, his usually dignified master pointed his finger at the lad, and said:

"Quick, you rascal, ask Mrs. Jones to come to me, and don't lose a minute."

Down the stairs, three at a time, went "Boots," and burst into the kitchen like an avalanche.

"Master have got a grin like a Cheshire cat on, and he is wanting Mrs. Jones on the minute."

"Stop your impudence, and give your message properly," said Mrs. Jones, as she gathered her voluminous skirts around her, and displaying a large foot and stout ankle, started up-stairs with a bewildered face. Never had such a thing happened before, and she feared that the unusual summons might mean trouble. In answer to her knock she received permission to enter; and with cap-ribbons all awry from her haste in ascending the stairs, she stood before her young master. A glance at his face dispelled her fears, and left her more mystified than ever. A ringing laugh startled what little composure was left in the good dame, and gave her the terrible suspicion that trouble had made him crazy.

"Mrs. Jones, are you free to give me two or three hours this evening?"

She fairly gasped for breath at his astounding courtesy, as she signified her entire willingness to work all night for him if necessary.

"But it is not a question of work. Some tricksy sprite has put it into my head to give the servants presents; and without your valuable assistance, I shall be at a stand-still. I could never select the proper articles; so if you will order the carriage, and come out with me, we will find pretty and useful things for all my faithful household."

Between surprise and delight, she was utterly unable to speak a word, and at his request she hastened below to give the order for the carriage. Admiring glances the maid-servants cast at her gorgeous bonnet and immense old-fashioned muff, as she went out proudly, and enjoyed the honor of being handed in by her master. The silence of the little group was broken by "Boots," who turned a double somersault and said:

"Oh, my eye; I believe he has esopped with her!"

He was assisted to an upright position in a rather forcible manner, by the butler, and confined himself afterward to sundry mysterious nods and winks, indicative of great private knowledge and self-satisfaction.

Into and out of the well-lighted stores went the strange couple, drawing many curious glances to themselves at their comical dissimilarity, and still more ridiculous purchases. Harry would insist upon buying everything that could be of no possible use to the recipient; and Mrs. Jones divided her attention between exclamations of delight and hearty laughter over his many mistakes. Of what service a real-lace handkerchief would be to the kitchen-maid she could not tell; but he seemed to think it perfectly appropriate, and surveyed the gorgeous picture on the box with visible satisfaction.

At last every one had been remembered and amply provided for, and Mrs. Jones attempted to get into the carriage. Easier said than done. They had kept on putting into it packages of various sizes, until there was literally no room left for her portly form to occupy. After disembarking half of their cargo, Mrs. Jones crowded in, and Harry piled parcels around her, until nothing was visible but her round face and yellow bonnet, and the huge muff perched high above the bundle that reached nearly to her chin.

"No use of my trying to come," he laughingly said, as he surveyed the interior with undisguised amusement. "Have the things taken to the library, and I will soon be home." And lifting his hat courteously to the old woman, he drew his cloak tight around him and walked away. A little farther up the street he saw the flaming lights and brilliant posters of a circus, and as he neared the entrance heard one little fellow repeat to a larger one his wish that he might go in.

"Us go in! I ain't had any supper, and won't get none, so I don't see as I can get in there," answered the boy, at the same time looking wistfully at the warmly dressed children who were crowding in the doorway.

"Poor little fellow, are you hungry?" and a kind hand was laid gently on the bare head of the urchin. He looked up, startled, and met the serious gaze of Harry Burns, with a look as serious and honest.

"Yes, sir, and Jack, too," came the quick response, seconded by a vigorous pull of the smaller boy to the front. Burns felt a throb of pain stir his heart as he looked at them. Stooping down, he put his arms about ragged little Jack, and raising him to a level with his face, looked steadily at the child. Clear and blue the baby eyes stared wonderingly at him, while the small hands hid themselves in the warm folds of his cloak. Tom danced with impatience, and felt his heart beat high with hopes of some unknown good to come from this strange proceeding.

Suddenly the little face became quite satisfied, and nestling close in the strong arms of his new-found friend, little Jack peered down at his brother.

"Good-bye, Tommy! This is the good man that mamma told us took little children to heaven, and I am going with him. Don't you 'member? The man with the red dress and bright thing on his head."

"By Jove!" said Harry, nearly dropping the child in his amazement. "What under the sun does the young one mean? Whatever made you say that, young man?"

Tommy gave a vigorous pull to one of the feet hanging down, and told Jack that he was a baby and no mistake, accompanying his remark with a nervous little chuckle. Harry Burns crossed over to the quieter side of the street, to avoid the curious looks that were beginning to be cast at him, and setting the child on his feet, said:

"Let us see who will be at that cake-shop first." And, suiting the action to the word, he started on a brisk run. Grasping Jack's hand in his, Tommy followed, and half-dragging him, arrived a minute later at the door of the shop. Into the bakery walked Burns, followed by the boys, with their eyes quite round and bright, and staring hard at the piles of sweet things. A large parcel of goodies was soon selected, and down the street they started again. This time a hat store was the stopping place; and lifting each youngster on a high stool, Burns commenced trying on hats. A little Scotch cap put Jack into a state of ecstasy, and a round sealskin made Tommy feel almost a man.

Off again; and in half an hour new shoes, tippets and gloves had made their old clothes assume twice the ragged aspect they had before worn. Little did they care for the torn coats and knee-worn trousers. Hugging the bundle contentedly, Tommy dragged his brother along after Harry, both of them in a state of open-mouthed wonder. At last they drew up at the door of the circus, and after getting the address of their mother, he bought two tickets, and saw them march proudly into the show. Many laughing eyes were cast at the tiny couple, as they sat high on a board bench, munching enormous quantities of cake, and uttering long-drawn breaths of satisfaction.

Harry laughed softly to himself as he once more started on his way up-town, and thought of the baskets of good things that should find their way to the poor woman in the morning. Before a toy-shop he stood still a minute, and waited for a chance to cross the crowded street.

Suddenly a sob caught his attention; and turning quickly he saw a little girl standing by his side on

the curb-stone, and struggling hard to restrain the tears of fright as she peered anxiously among the many vehicles that lined the roadway. Only four or five years old, her tiny face yet bore marks of extraordinary beauty and self-composure. The little teeth were set close in the effort to restrain a cry, and one hand brushed the swift-falling snow-flakes away from her eyes. A fur cloak hung loosely around the small figure, and a quilted hood of blue silk framed the scared face. His voice made her start and look up quickly, as he said:

"Want to go across, little one? Are you all alone here?"

The voice was full of tears that answered him.

"Oh, I think I am afraid! Mamma got out of the carriage and went into that store; and after she was gone a minute, I remembered a dolly I wanted, and got out to ask mamma to get it. I went over there to look in the circus; and when I came back I can't find mamma or the carriage, and I don't know what to do."

Before she had finished, there was a pitiful quaver in her voice, and a determined winking of the eyelids. The words and accent proved to him what he had before thought to be the case, that it was a well-cultured and cared-for child to whom he was speaking.

"It seems to me that I am to play benefactor to all the younger portion of the city," he said, answering the wonder in her eyes with a bright smile, and a close pressure of the tiny hand he held fast in his own. They wandered around the streets a long while, peering into the shops, and following carriages which the child seemed to recognize. At last Mabel, who had given him so much of her name, with more to follow, consented to go home with him, and wait for the morning to find her mother.

Her decision was hastened by his proposing that she should play fairy-godmother, and distribute good things innumerable to his household. Mabel's eyes danced at the prospect; and he soon found himself at his own door, with the child in his arms. By this time the snow had fallen so fast that her feet sank deep at every step; and after many indignant refusals, he had snatched her up, and laughingly borne the slaps her wee hands inflicted.

"What a little vixen, to be sure," he exclaimed, as he gave the bell a rousing pull and attempted to steal a kiss from the rosy mouth. Renewed kicking and baby laughter; and the stately butler opened the door to stare solemnly at the astonishing spectacle.

"William, send Mrs. Jones to the library, and in half an hour let all the servants come to that room."

Shaking his head in mute disapproval of the proceedings of the night, William watched the merry couple scrambling up the stairs, and turned to give the orders. The hasty exit of Mrs. Jones, added to "Boots'" nods and winks, had roused the curiosity of all the household; and when she returned, and it occupied them all to assist in transferring the bundles from the carriage up-stairs, rumor went mad and all kinds of suggestions were offered and more or less believed. Mrs. Jones looked triumphant, and replied to all questions with a shake of the head, and much suppressed laughter.

"Boots" promenaded up and down the hall with his feet in the air, and his hands performing their office, making hideous faces at himself, and indulging in ear-splitting shrieks of delight. The entire company were gathered on the lower stair-way, and listened breathlessly to Mr. Burns' order. Mrs. Jones went quickly up-stairs, and was only seen once again, when she thrust her head over the balustrade, and called for the piano-cover to be brought to her. In a fine state of amaze, a rush was made for the parlor, and a scramble for the cover ensued. "Boots" got between the legs and pulled it off at the back, and before any one could catch him, had crawled from among them, and was half way up to her. Not a bit of use was the strategy, however; for she coolly took the cover, and motioned him down before she opened the door. Merry laughter and the sound of moving furniture came at intervals from the mysterious room, and quite made them sick with the efforts of imagination in which they were compelled to indulge.

At last the welcome summons was heard, and even William forgot his dignity in the hurried rush upstairs. Round-eyed and silent they filed in, and at Mr. Burns' request took the seats that were ranged in order at one side of the room. Before a door, a throne had been erected, and on it was perched a tiny queen, with golden curls, and blue eyes brim-

ming over with mirth. The library steps had served for a throne, and the piano-cover was flung gracefully over it to answer the place of drapery. The silver-handled poker had been turned into a wand by wrapping it in colored paper, and it took all the strength of her majesty to wave it properly in the air. The blue merino dress and red stockings of Mabel were rather earthly; but a crown had been improvised from the gilded rim of a lamp-shade, and with the white feather from her hood, gave quite an air of splendor to the make-up.

A large table stood near, and on it were piled goods that made the domestics smile and nudge each other significantly. Dress patterns for the women, each a lace handerchief, and a set of furs, were side by side with fur caps, mufflers, mittens, glass dishes, a chess-board, a rubber overcoat, and an immense dish of candy, with half of a stiff book-cover for a ladle. Over the queen's head was suspended a huge bunch of bananas with a fruit-knife sticking in one. An ivory chessboard, hastily borrowed from its appropriate table, did duty as a cake-plate, and held a marvelous specimen of the baker's art, with two wonderful figures joining hands on the top of it.

A large card-case was piled high with tops, marbles, a miraculous jack-knife, and two or three balls of colored cord, suggesting an immediate union with a Chinese kite that lay serenely upholding a velvet-and-gilt prayer-book. Standing near the throne was Harry, with his face all aglow with mischief; and waving his arm above his head, he cried:

"Three cheers for our fairy godmother, Mabel Snow!"

"And a tiger, too!" "Boots" managed to shout, before William laid an iron grasp on his arm, and looked threateningly in his face as a common mode of extinguishment.

They took up the cheer with a will, and made more noise than so small a number of people would have seemed capable of achieving. Harry gave the articles to Mabel, telling her in each instance the one to whom to give it; and as she gently spoke the different names, they took their Christmas gifts from her wee white hand. "Boots" began to think that he had been too hasty in selecting the toys as his share, and sat up on the back of his chair, with his feet in the seat, and made ineffectual attempts to keep from whistling and clapping his hands. Such a quality as respect was entirely wanting in him; and where the bump of veneration ought to have been, there was a lamentably large depression—a fault for which he was of course not accountable.

Susan forgot to pinch him when he pulled out all her hair-pins, and let her hair down over her face; and this amused him so much that he tumbled head first off his chair, and walked feet upward round in front of her, said "Cricky," and still retaining the upside-down position, arrived at a chair on the other side of the room, where he could get a better view of the elegant couple on the cake. William sat petrified, and even kindly Mrs. Jones held up her hands in horror; but Mabel laid down the gloves that had just been handed to her, and gravely watched the performance. When he had managed to seat himself sideways on one corner of the chair, the child called out in her sweet baby voice:

"Boy, do that again! You walk like a monkey, splendid!"

Tom needed no second bidding, but walked to the middle of the room, turned a double somersault and arrived back at his chair, scarlet and puffy, but triumphant. Mabel said "Thank you," and again taking the gloves went on with her distributing.

At last the table was empty, except for the cake and candy; and Harry called the butler, and whispered to him. William nodded to a girl to go with him, and after a few minutes they returned with several bottles of wine, a pile of plates, and a tray of wine glasses. Harry drew the corks, and Mabel held the glasses while he filled them. "Boots" carried them round with a ludicrous air of importance, and did not spill a drop. The cake was soon demolished, and the plates were heaped high with candies and bananas.

Mabel acted her part with the gentle composure which she had exhibited throughout, and touched her tiny glass of water to theirs with gracious dignity. "Boots" generously offered her a sip of his wine, but her refusal was so gentle that he did not feel hurt. Merrily flew the minutes; and it was quite ten o'clock before the unusual guests took their departure, carrying with them all the remains of the feast, and leaving the room quite in order.

Then Harry drew his chair near the fire, and noticing that a wistful look was beginning to creep into the baby face, took the little one on his knee, and rocking her gently backward and forward, told her the old, old story of Jesus and his love for the children who came to him for his blessing. Mabel listened quietly; and only a little quivering sigh, once in a while, told that the child-heart was throbbing with a lonesome, tired pain. Then he told her how his telling the man at the police-station all about her, and her name and age, would be telegraphed all over the great city, and her mamma would surely find her; and the childish face grew bright again. Soon the bright curls drooped, and little Mabel slept, as safe and happy as she would have been in her own little bed. Cautiously Harry touched the bell at his side, and when "Boots" came, sent for the housekeeper. Into her kindly arms he laid his little waif, and saw her taken away to slumber.

Long hours he sat there, reading, and dreaming happy dreams of all the good he meant to do, and thinking how many people could be made glad with a little of his wealth. The house had long been still, and the noise of the street hushed to rest. The church clock struck two, and broke the quiet of the night with its iron clamor. Roused by the sound, Harry laid down his book and lighted a segar for a farewell smoke. Again the hush of the night was broken, this time by the ring of horses' hoofs, and the roll of carriage-wheels. Then quick feet ran up the stone steps, and swift and sharp the bell rang through the house.

Amazed, he listened for a second, then threw his segar into the fire, and ran down stairs. Quickly he drew the bolt and unlocked the door. A woman's face met his gaze—the face of a dusk-eyed woman, all passion and grace. White even to the lips, with great eyes staring anxiously at him, and one little hand convulsively grasping the arm of a gentleman who had thrown his other around her, and half-supported the trembling form.

"Mr. Burns?" the gentleman said, interrogatively, stepping into the hall.

Harry bowed in assent, at the same time throwing the door wide, and closing it when they had entered.

Before he could speak, the lady sprang to the hat-stand, and snatching the little fur cloak that hung there, sank to the floor, kissing the soft folds and murmuring broken words of endearment and joy. A great, glad throb stirred his heart, that he had been permitted to be instrumental in their finding Mabel; and he shook hands over and over with Mr. Snow, and received his broken thanks with eloquent praises of his "waif," as he called her. The force of the mother's emotion had spent itself; and with her face against the little mantle she sat crying quietly. Her husband assisted her to rise, and then with quivering lips she asked to see her darling.

Up the stairs they followed him, and when he paused at a half-open door, they stood quite silent while he went in and turned up the gas to a full blaze. Then, with happy, tender faces they stole across the room to the great bed, and looked lovingly down on their little girl. She looked more tiny than ever, nestled cosily in the heart of an immense pillow, in the centre of the bed, with one wee hand thrown above her head, and the curly hair all tumbled into her eyes. Mrs. Jones had found a small night-dress in the stores of children's clothes that had lain for long years tucked away in the presses up-stairs, and by turning back the sleeves had made it small enough for Mabel to wear. On the sofa lay the good woman, wrapped in a blanket, sleeping soundly, and evidently unaware of the presence of strangers in the room.

Mrs. Snow would not have the child wakened; and after gazing tearfully at the pretty baby for a few minutes, they left the room as quietly as they had entered, and followed Harry into the library. There he told them all his evening's adventures, and made the mother's eyes glisten with happiness, as he spoke of Mabel's brave composure. Then they told him of the terrified agony of finding the child gone from the carriage, of the hurried search, and Mrs. Snow going to her home for her husband, and the whole night spent in examining streets and police stations. At last they had found a description of a little girl that seemed like Mabel, although the name had not been telegraphed. They had gone to the chief station, where they found Harry's description and his address; and the rest needed no telling.

He could not think of letting them return home so late; so they sent back their carriage with a hasty

note to relieve the anxiety of the waiting ones there. Mrs. Snow soon left them; and when her husband at last went to his room, he found Mabel fast locked in her mother's arms, and both sleeping peacefully.

Not a lonely Christmas did Harry Burns spend, after all. Early the next morning he gave Mrs. Jones a purse, and started her out on a round of charity. Then, carrying his "waif," he followed Mr. and Mrs. Snow into the carriage and drove to their home.

her Uncle Harry that she wanted to play fairy-godmother again, especially to see "Boots" tumble in his approved monkey-fashion.

Several years have passed, and each succeeding Yuletide finds the fairy larger and prettier; and ere many weeks have flown, if report is to be believed, some one will appropriate Harry's "waif," as he appropriated his "waif's" aunt on the first anniversary of her discovery.

—*Einna Stjerner Jarlsen.*

Are not their wings of glossiest sheen.  
Their faces pure and sweet,  
As heaven and earth they float between,  
And feed the leaves, the verdure green,  
The flowers that kiss our feet?

The cold of heart will answer — No!  
But love will answer — Yes!  
And feel, in evening winds that blow,  
In evening dews that fall and flow,  
The fairy-world's caress!



THE HAPPY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE DEWS OF EVENING.

[Illustration of picture by John S. Davis.]

SAY, are they not immortals true  
And fairy-like, and bright —  
Whose hands drop down the silver dew,  
And thus the jaded earth renew  
Throughout the summer night?

On each fair forehead, gleam'g far,  
To those whose eyes can see,  
Is not there visible a star  
Whose light no lapse of years can mar,  
Though centuries long they be?

Who can describe the joy of grandma! And a funny little fellow shot an arrow straight into Harry's heart, as pretty Aunt Lillie, offering him both hands in hearty thanks, almost kissed him instead of Mabel. Confused and laughing, she ran away with the recovered treasure, and proceeded to pet her as though she had been gone a year instead of a night. Merrily passed the hours of Christmas evening; and when the good-night words were being said, Aunt Lillie's eyes said "Come again," and Harry's said "I will."

When another Christmas day had come, a merry party kissed a new-made bride, and little Mabel told

HAPPY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.—Not all the hours of childhood are happy, any more than are all the hours of older life. But there *are* hours of happiness, nevertheless. Given, a day of freedom or truancy, barefoot, with rolled-up trousers, sunshine, and some bright water in which to play and from which to drink at will, and what more, for the time, does boyhood require to be perfectly happy? All this has our bright-eyed subject, who has just been filling himself from the grassy-edged spring, and who evidently enjoys even the falling back to their native element, with a musical tinkle, of the drops that have cooled his lips and yet escaped his palate.



THE DEWS OF EVENING.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

1100

## SORROWFUL WORK.

I WAS out in the woods this mornin',  
Afore you was up, I know;  
And I killed a couple of pa'tridge  
And a dozen squirls or so;

When, comin' round the corner,  
Thar by old Thrasher's Creek,  
I seen somethin' down in the bushes,  
A runnin' it like a streak.

I was allers proud of my shot, Phil,  
Have won many a beef, you know;  
And 'fore I thought, I jest jerked up,  
And pulled down on that doe.

You better b'lieve I fatch'd it,  
As good as a mortal could;  
For it jest drapp'd down on the grass, there,  
In a little red heap of blood.

I was up by its side in a minute;  
But it seemed that I somehow shook  
When them purty brown eyes come open  
With a pitiful sort o' look.

I know I'm rough and ugly,  
And they say I'm surprisin' bad;  
But if I hadn't tetch'd that rifle  
I'd a' been uncommon glad.

For thar was a hole in the shoulder  
Whar you might a' stuck your fist,  
And the big bright eyes was kivered  
With something that looked like mist.

But still they went straight through me,  
Though how I can never know,—  
With a look like a little baby  
That died not long ago.

It made me feel mighty quivery,  
With one or two looks like these;  
So I out with my knife in a second,  
And put the poor thing at ease.

I dunno why I done it,  
It was sorter odignified—  
But I jest plumped down thar by it,  
Right flat on the ground, and cried.

Well, yes, I guess I'm foolish,  
And you may think less o' me, Phil,  
But I wouldn't a' killed that critter  
For a fifty-dollar bill.

—Kenton Murray.

## DAVID GARRICK.

"He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so." —SHAKSPEARE.

It may be doubted if there was ever a period in the history of England when her literary and art circles could boast of a more varied array of brilliant talent than that which flourished in the days of Garrick. There were Hogarth and Reynolds, whose originality of conception and brilliancy of execution are, perhaps, without parallels in the English schools of fine art. There was Dr. Johnson, known as "the giant of English literature." The poet, novelist, and historian, Oliver Goldsmith ("poor Goldy"); and Edmund Malone, who devoted the energies of his life to Shakspearean research; also the orator-statesman, Burke; the great pleader, Erskine; and Mrs. Siddons, a bright particular star in the firmament of dramatic art. The genius of these illustrious persons was made known during the life of the famous actor, David Garrick, and for the most part they were his friends and associates. This immortal galaxy, now held by crumbling tombs, also embraces a great number of other names which present limits will not admit of mention.

Garrick was born at the Angel Inn, in Hereford, England, in the year 1716. His whole life was an honorable career. He sought to rid the boards of all plays of an immoral tendency, and it was under the influence of this remarkable man that the English stage was rescued from a low state of degradation and promoted to an eminence of great purity and renown. "He seems to have carried his modest, moral, chaste and pious principles with him into the very management of the theatre itself, and rescued performers from that obloquy which stuck on the profession. Of those who were accounted blackguards, unworthy the association of the world, he made gentlemen, united them with society, and introduced them to all the domestic comforts of life."

He had played but one engagement (at a country theatre) when he suddenly burst before a London audience in the robes of Richard III.—a bold attempt for a young man of twenty-four; but it proved

an amazing success, as may be learned from various accounts. At the moment he appeared before the audience the character he assumed was visible in his face and bearing. His performance seemed to be an "exact imitation of nature." With rage and rapid pronunciation he spoke:

" The north! — what do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west? "

When he awakened from his frightful dream, he was a "spectacle of horror," but in manly tones he called:

" Give me another horse."

He then paused, and as his countenance became one of dismay, in accents of distress he said:

" Bind up my wounds."

Then, falling on his knees, in the most piteous manner he cried:

" Have mercy, Heaven! "

When on Bosworth field, he "roared out:"

" A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! "

The part throughout was a performance of rare merit, and his fame was at once established. The public in vast crowds nightly visited the theatre; and we are told that from the polite ends of Westminster the most elegant company flocked to Goodman's Fields, and that from Temple Bar the entire way was often covered with a string of coaches whose occupants were eager to witness the acting of the young tragedian.

He next played in Dublin, where he was again deservedly honored. His engagement at this place was during an intensely hot season; and soon after his arrival an epidemic disease broke out in the community, which, owing to the crowded audiences at the theatre, was called the "Garrick Fever." He soon returned to London, playing with overwhelming success, and in fact throughout his long professional career continued to meet with lavish expressions of public favor.

In 1747 Garrick became patentee of Drury Lane Theatre in partnership with Lacy. This was regarded as the "greatest and most splendid era that the drama of England had ever known." When we learn that Garrick eventually sold out his interest (which originally cost him but a trifle) for £37,000, we can form a correct idea of the wide popularity which he won in the double rôle of actor and manager.

It was in June, 1776, that he withdrew from public life and made his last appearance upon the stage, and it is to be regretted that on that memorable occasion he failed to appear in a Shakspearean character. His inclination, indeed, led him to contemplate playing "Richard III," but he concluded that the effort of so laborious a part would prevent his doing justice to a farewell speech. He therefore chose Don Felix, in "The Wonder."

Through his transcendent genius and noble qualities Garrick had won world-wide fame and a great fortune, and he was now to take leave of that vast public whose confidence and patronage he had so long enjoyed. His spirits were depressed, and it was with a heavy heart that he approached the foot-lights for the last time and said:

" LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it.

" The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

" This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness and your favors were enjoyed."

Here his voice failed him, and he paused, till a gush of tears relieved him.

" Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed and unalterable.

" I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favor, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful, humble servant."

Released from the toil of his chosen profession, Garrick was happy in retirement; not so happy, however, as the result of rest and ease, as from the consciousness of having faithfully performed his public and private duties. In the evening of life, at his villa in Hampton, he lived in the elegance of refinement. He possessed wit, and his manners were polished. Noblemen and the lights of literature and learning were his constant visitors and companions.

After "life's fitful fever" his body found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, near the monument to Shakspeare, where it was borne on the 1st of February, 1779. It was said that a more magnificent funeral had never been seen in London. The service was read by the Bishop of Rochester. The pall-bearers were Lord Camden, Earl of Ossory, the Right Honorable Mr. Rigby, the Honorable Mr. Stanley, John Patterson, Esq., Duke of Devonshire, Albany Wallis, Esq., Earl Spencer, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir W. W. Wynne. An account says: "A number of gentlemen of rank and fashion, and almost all the admirers of polite literature, attended to pay their last tribute of regard to the memory of the deceased. The train of carriages reached from Charing Cross to the Abbey. The people in prodigious concourse lined the way, and by their mournful silence gave the most evident demonstration of their sorrow." And so ended the earthly career of this extraordinary man. He died at the age of 63.

Samuel Foote said "he remembered Garrick living in *Durham Yard*, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant." Undoubtedly there is much of truth in the purport of this remark, for we find that in his twenty-second year he entered into the wine business in connection with his brother Peter. To have graduated from a vinegar vault to a vault in Westminster Abbey belongs to the glory of Garrick. He left some reputation as an author, and his ode to Shakspeare is regarded as a masterly piece of poetry. His prologues and epilogues number nearly a hundred—more than twice the number written by Dryden. Garrick's are noted for their "quick and lively strokes of wit," and it is said that not a word offensive to a modest ear can be found in them; while, on the contrary, those of Dryden partake, to an unparable extent, of that licentiousness of style which was peculiar to the reign of Charles II. Soon after Garrick's death it was said to Dr. Johnson: "You are recent from the lives of the poets; why not add your friend Garrick to the number?" The answer was: "I do not like to be officious; but if Mrs. Garrick will desire me to do it, I shall be very willing to pay that last tribute to the memory of a man I loved."

As an actor and manager Garrick was full of Shakspeare, and it has been observed that to the poet we must look for a picture of his great scholar:

" Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? "

The calm traits and passionate impulses of the human character, such as meekness, simplicity, mirth, grief, despair, rage and horror, he seems to have expressed with nearly equal effect. The characters in which he excelled were Richard III., King Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth.

It may be doubted if Garrick has ever been equaled in the sublime pathos with which his utterance imbued Macbeth's melting appeal to the physician:

" Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart? "

In fact, one of the best authorities said that when Garrick appeared "Shakspeare rose, as it were, from his tomb, and broke out at once in all his lustre, exortus uti aetherius sol."

To make truth diffuse her radiance from the stage, and to banish rant and noise and the swell of unnatural elocution from tragedy, as well as buffoonery from comedy, is declared by Johnson and Murphy to have been his great ambition. He was the originator and manager of a grand jubilee, given to the memory of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, 1769. It was under the patronage of many of the nobility, and attended by thousands from London and other parts of the country. In connection with his dramatic powers, an anecdote is told about Garrick to the effect that on a certain field-day the actor was on horseback, but dismounting for a short time his horse escaped, when he immediately assumed his professional attitude, and cried out, as if on Bosworth field,

" A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" The people who happened to surround him knew him not, and great was their amazement; but his

majesty the king was within hearing, who said: "Those must be the tones of Garrick; see if he is not on the grounds." Garrick was brought before his majesty, who condoled with him, and remarked that his "delivery of Shakspeare could not pass undiscussed."

It is represented that in December, 1770, a strange phenomenon appeared on the boards of Drury Lane—"The tragedy of 'Hamlet,' with alterations by Garrick." It may be regarded as a blot upon his theatrical career, for he shamefully mutilated the piece. "He lopped, pruned, and cut away what he thought unnecessary branches, and instead of a flourishing tree left a withered trunk." It did not meet with public favor, and Garrick, discovering his error, never published his alterations. Men of genius, however, are always, more or less, guilty of unaccountable "freaks," and this seems to have been one of Garrick's.

In private life, his chief characteristics were those of a supreme gentleman. He loved his friends, was a kind brother and a "splendid husband." He would never indulge in political disputes. Literature was his favorite topic. His gayety is said to have been brilliant, but always within the bounds of decorum; and the finished gentleman in our day depicted by Mr. Sothern, when assuming the name and *rôle* of David Garrick, is certainly no friendly exaggeration—all accounts being taken into consideration—but the sympathetic tribute of one gentleman-actor to another, inspired by good feeling, but founded upon reliable tradition.

Garrick was benevolent, and many were his deeds of charity; his receipts for his last performance he gave to the fund for distressed actors. To the same society he gave two houses in Drury Lane. A desire was afterward expressed to sell the houses that money might be realized, when Garrick purchased what he had given, but in his will gave back the same houses to the fund. Dr. Johnson often collected money for worthy families in distress. "Garrick," he said, "always gave more than any other person and more than I expected." At a certain dinner party the actor learned that a friend of one of his friends was in great trouble for want of money. After dinner, Garrick approached

graphers pronounces it to have been his only avarice—the avarice of reputation.

Among the many who paid him distinguished honors was the Earl of Chatham, noted for his "bright genius and firm integrity." This nobleman invited Garrick to visit him at his seat in Somersetshire. The written invitation was a poetical effusion of some length, and so beautiful and sincere were the sentiments, that they have been pronounced "a perpet-

diocese claims to be among the very oldest in the kingdom, having been established by the Saxons in 680, and extending over most of Hereford and parts of the adjoining counties of Monmouth, Radnor, Montgomery and Worcester, with the two deaneries of Hereford and Salop, and thirteen subdeaneries; and that (though possibly this may not be strictly in connection with the ecclesiastical detail) two shining lights of the stage were born here, in the persons of Nelly Gwynne (also a light of the court, *temp.* Charles II.), and David Garrick, the tragedian.

As already said, it is claimed that the cathedral was founded by King Offa, in the ninth century. The present erection, however, has little to do with that foundation, except as to site, the building now in use being the third which has stood on the same spot, while some of the ruins of one of the older remain adjacent to it. The present building was begun in the eleventh century—probably about 1075, but was not finished until 1535, even then coming within the roll of those religious houses rather hastily built than the reverse, in comparison with many others. It is 320 feet in length, with a central tower of the height of 160 feet—the latter feature being especially fine in its foliated pinnacles at the corners and the turreted coping between. Taken all in all, while not notably large, the cathedral is very impressive, and in the regard just named may claim to rank among the very best of its compeers. It has a chapter-house of good architectural character, and a library of considerable western repute, among the attractions of the latter being a map of the world (as then considered!) of the thirteenth century, and a copy of the Bible as originally completed by William Wyclif.

Every three years a great musical festival is held in the cathedral, attracting much attention from the fact that, lying so near the Welsh border, the amount of musical talent gathered is usually very large and effective; and also connected with it is a "dole" of some singularity and much benevolence—no less than 4,360 loaves being distributed by the dean and chapter. The episcopal palace of Hereford is very old, and has five large gardens, forming a notability of the town. The three illustrations given in this



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

ual monument, raised by the great Earl of Chatham to the memory of Mr. Garrick."

In concluding this article, it may be remarked that humanity has been graced and exceedingly adorned by the virtues and private worth of members of the dramatic profession, while certainly no professions or pursuits in life have produced more eminent degrees of natural or cultivated talent than the stage—Shakspeare, himself an actor, heading the noble procession.

—Joseph Watson.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

THOUGH among what are called the "minor cathedrals" of England, that of Hereford has much interest and no inconsiderable share of architectural beauty, deserving more attention than it has often received at the hands of travelers. Hereford, as most of those well acquainted with geography are aware, is an old town in the west of England, nearly on the borders of Wales, being only seventeen miles north from Monmouth, the shire town of the county of that name, and about fifty miles northward from Bristol, on the Channel. As its name would indicate, Hereford is also the shire town of the county bearing the same name; and it boasts a very old foundation, history and tradition combining to prove that it was a regal hold so long ago as the ninth century, when King Offa (so well known from some of his works in Wales) materially improved it, and, as some say, founded the first cathedral on the site of the present one. It is definitely known that Hereford was a favorite stronghold of King Harold, who built a strong castle here on the banks of the Wye, in the midst of the fertile valley of which the town is located. It has, historically, a deeper and sadder interest, however, as the spot where De Spenser, the hated favorite of King Edward II., and one of the causes of that monarch's fall, was beheaded by the turbulent barons in 1322, and where the act of dethronement of Edward took place very soon after, in 1325 or 1326.

Before proceeding to notice the cathedral more particularly, it may be well to say that the town of Hereford has other points of interest, in the fact that the largest fair for cattle and cheese, in England, is held here in October of every year; that the



OLD NAVE.

connection are those of the cathedral, general view from the north, with the great central tower a prominent object; of the north porch and of the north transept (also seen, smaller, in the general view); and of some of the ruins of one of the old naves of the previous erection, showing the massive architecture of the time to great advantage. There may be a certain interest in the additional facts that the tower fell in 1786 and was rebuilt, and that in its present shape the cathedral was opened on June 30, 1862.



NORTH PORCH.—TRANSEPT.

the unhappy gentleman and said: "What is this story I heard from Mr. Wallis? If five thousand pounds will extricate you out of your difficulty, come to me with Wallis any day and you shall have the money." A monument costing one thousand pounds was erected to the memory of the actor soon after his death by this same Wallis.

Garrick is represented as having been somewhat vain, and a passion which gained ascendency was an "eager anxiety about his fame." One of his bio-

## MUSIC.

## THE WAGNER FEVER.

THE musical hero of the hour, Richard Wagner, was born at Leipzig, May 22d, 1813, and is, therefore, nearly sixty-two years of age. The biography of such a marked character as this, though of special interest to the public, is of less importance, however, than the character of his works; and as his life has been frequently sketched, we shall not occupy our limited space with a fresh recital here. Having lost his father at an early age, a circumstance which he appears to have regarded as a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as it left him to follow the bent of his own genius, he frequented the theatre with which some of his relations were connected. Here he imbibed a taste for the drama, and at fifteen, while writing small plays, he became acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies, which confirmed his passion for the study of music, and subsequently developed in him the peculiar musico-dramatic ideas which have characterized his compositions.

His earlier works were "Das Liebesverbot" (Lover's Humors), after Shakspere's "Measure for Measure;" "The Fairies," the subject taken from one of Gozzi's novels, the "Novice of Palermo" (all of which failed); "Rienzi," after Bulwer; the Faust Overture, which was intended as the opening movement of a grand symphony which is not yet completed; an opera, "La Defense de l'Amour," which was also unsuccessful, and "Der Fliegende Hollander" (The Flying Dutchman), none of which, save perhaps the Faust and Rienzi overtures, are familiar in this country.

According to the most reliable accounts, it was not until after these works were completed, and while on the way (1842) from Paris to Dresden, to superintend the production of "Rienzi," that he made up his mind to disregard the models of Beethoven, Handel and Haydn, as exhibited in the musical drama of his day, and establish a new school of opera. The music was to be subjective to the libretto, and air, duet and chorus must give way before the demands of the drama, and, if need be, dreary recitative must take their place if the dramatic situation called for it.

Wagner received at first the treatment usually accorded all reformers. When Glück, after twenty-one years of operatic composition, abandoned the emasculated style in vogue, and commenced, in "Orfeo ed Euridice" (1764), those reforms which very soon completely revolutionized the opera, he met with the most determined and violent opposition. The "routine of recitative and the mannerism of the usual Italian airs" characterized the dramatic musical works of the day, and to supersede this and introduce a purer style engrossed Glück's most earnest thoughts and diligent labor. The simple desire on his part, to use his own language, was "to confine the art of music to its real object—that of aiding the effect of poetry by giving greater expression to the words and scenes, but without detriment to the action of the plot and without weakening the impression by useless ornamentation." Although the opera had become greatly corrupted, and the field was fallow for sowing the seed of the new dispensation, much of it fell upon stony hearts and brought forth only the fruit of bitter opposition. The manifest improvement, however, which was displayed in "Orfeo," soon silenced all cavilings, and to this day Glück is the accepted model of the operatic school. In describing his theory, Glück says: "My idea is, that the overture should prepare the audience for what is to follow, and, as it were, herald the substance of the piece; that the instrumental portion should vary according to the amount of passion or effect required, without making an abrupt transition from air to dialogue; neither should it form an untimely interruption to the recitative, nor interfere with the action. I thought, further," he continued, "that my utmost endeavors should tend to acquire a noble simplicity of style; I have sought to avoid difficult passages where brilliancy would be obtained at the cost of distinctness; I only valued novel effects when resulting from the scene and expression, and I have never scrupled to sacrifice a principle for the sake of an effect."

In other words, Glück added to a masterly genius the workings of a plain, practical common sense, and presented the opera in a form that would harmonize most nearly with the requirements of good sense and the necessities of the drama. Opera, by the way, is not sensible. It is anomalous—or as Richard Grant White has expressed it, it is a "monster." [This calling names, by the way, brought upon him the denunciation of numerous writers, more voluble than profound, who did not know that Webster gives as the first definition of the word: "A thing to be gazed at, or calculated to excite attention and wonder, by differing from the ordinary type."] It would, doubtless, excite more than ordinary wonderment, were we to carry on our daily business or social intercourse in song. We do not doubt that it would be a great improvement in such noisy marts as the Stock and Produce Exchanges, and all other Bull and Bear Gardens, though it would doubtless be found impracticable. In social life, while it may be effective sometimes to declare one's love in melody, we think more than human self-control would be necessary to restrain the expression of violent anger within the harmonious compass of an octave and a half of musical tones. One would hardly commit murder on the high C of an ascending scale, nor die himself to the sweet modulations of his own voice. Hordes of banditti do not, even in sunny Italy, whose very atmosphere is surcharged with melody, come down upon their victims with full choral harmonies; deep plots are not made in carefully arranged duets, nor directions for execution issued in bass solos. Yet all these things, and more too, are done in opera, and if opera is not a "monster," what is it? The province, therefore, of the composer, is to so adapt the music to the words of the libretto as to give a dramatic effect the nearest possible to common sense and the farthest from the ridiculous. It does not follow from this that the music must be wholly subservient to the words. This was not Glück's idea. Kiesewetter, an authority in Germany, says: "His high aesthetic feelings and refined taste have saved him from the stumbling-block of those otherwise excellent maxims which set forth that every consideration for the music itself, which must, nevertheless, exist as a separate art, even in opera, must be sacrificed to the poetry and 'situation.' His genius, while giving every care to the integrity of the poem, has established the independence as well as the beauty of his music; she is not the servant of poetry; she is rather a loving sister, apparently intent only on setting her charms in the fullest light, yet too charm-

ing herself not to be acknowledged her superior. The melodies of Glück delight us in connection with the words by the correctness of their musical expression, but were they disengaged from the words, they would be considered excellent and beautiful on their own account. And if, indeed, his songs are only fully effective when heard in connection with the scenes to which they belong, and when disconnected are unsuitable for concert performances, yet they are by no means without form, and their graceful motifs are so clearly recognizable, that after hearing his operas, the memory retains them easily, as if one had come out of an Italian opera house."

It will be seen that our purpose in dwelling to such an extent upon Glück is to disclose more forcibly the difference between that reformer of the opera and the present champion of the new school. Had Wagner lived in the days of Glück, he would not have found it necessary to go farther than did the great musician to find ample scope for his ambition to lead a crusade against the false theories of music. But the musical abominations of Glück's time have not existed in Wagner's day. After Glück came Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, Mehul, Cherubini, Spohr, Meyerbeer and others, who have maintained and carried out the reforms accomplished and projected by Glück. When, therefore, Wagner declared war against the opera as hitherto practiced as "radically a mistake because the means of expression (music) had become an aim, whereas the aim (the drama) had been used as a means of expression," he aroused, even in Germany (always ready for genuinely progressive reforms in musical art), a storm of indignant censure and opposition. His theory, adopting in some degree that of Glück, is that the sister arts, principally those of music and poetry, are no longer to act separately, but mutually combine and assist each other; *opera, drama and symphony are no longer to be esteemed on their own account.*" Glück had accomplished a reform in the libretto which had grown to be a mere flimsy and meaningless accumulation of words upon which to weave melodies, and his successors sought, by the selection of appropriate and highly dramatic librettos, to secure something worthy for the setting which they desired to give them. It is true that the libretto was sometimes required to give way to the music, but these alterations were made only in the interest of greater contrasts of light and shade, and for the purpose of heightening the dramatic effect. The preparation of a libretto for music requires a genius unlike that demanded by the ordinary drama. "It must not be too complicated," says Halevy; "the subject must be simple and passionate rather than various. If there is much action in an opera, if it is overlaid with events, if the situations follow each other in quick succession, thus affording the spectator no time to take breath, there is no longer place for music; it runs the risk of being crushed by the incidents; and however lively and concise the musical numbers may be, they will slacken the action, or at least will seem to slacken it."

In rejecting the aria, and substituting what he styles the "opera melody," or a melodic recitation, he claims to give a stronger dramatic expression to the verse, and by making the music everywhere subjective to the words, to attain in the highest degree the true end and aim of the opera. How far he has succeeded the public has had but comparatively little opportunity to judge in this country. The "Tannhäuser," which, according to our recollection, has been played only at the New York Stadt Theatre with a company by no means the best, was not received with such marks of favor as to justify its frequent repetition. There is much in it that is positively dull, not to say dreary. The Overture, the Pilgrim Chorus, the March, and those numbers which are most melodic in their treatment, have lingered longest in the memory, and are now popular selections for the instrumental programme. "Lohengrin," which last year was put upon the stage in most admirable style by the Strakosch Italian Opera, grew greatly in favor upon repetition, but the *mise en scène*, the brilliant pageants, the gorgeous displays of royalty, and all the extraneous paraphernalia of the stage, contributed in a more than ordinary degree to this success. In a description of a performance of this opera we spoke of the strongly marked character of the libretto. The hatred of *Frederick* and his clamorous ambition for rule; the anxiety, despair, exultation, joy and final misery of *Elsa*; the scheming jealousy of *Ortrud*, and the martial pride and manly affection of *Lohengrin*, afford ample field for the poet and the composer. But in this, as in the "Tannhäuser," those parts in which the melody is most marked, made the deepest and most lasting impression.

To Theodore Thomas, more than to all other orchestral leaders in this country, belongs the credit of familiarizing the public with the orchestral parts of Wagner's most famous creations; and were we to judge of all his works in their entirety by these selections which Mr. Thomas has presented, Wagner might be classed among the composers of the so-called popular school. But it must be borne in mind that those best received are the selections from "Tannhäuser," already named, the Bridal Chorus and other melodic parts from "Lohengrin," extracts of similar character from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," etc. The Faust Overture, selections from "Die Walküre," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Rienzi," have also been played, but so far as the public is concerned, the works which have met with the greatest acceptance are those in which Wagner has not been too strict in carrying out his own peculiar ideas, but given free vent to that wealth of melody, original and striking, which are prominent features of his genius.

The "Ring de Nibelungen," the colossal work with which he expects to fully establish the truth of his theories and crown the labors of a life of unusual activity and great struggle with adverse criticism, is now in progress. This comprises "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," each to occupy an entire evening, and to be given at four successive representations. For this purpose a special opera house is in process of construction, under Wagner's immediate supervision, at Bayreuth, a town in Bavaria. The young King of Bavaria is his patron in this undertaking. We await the result with an interest inspired by the enormity and importance of the enterprise.

We can not give a more fitting close to this article than by quoting the opinion of one of the most thorough musicians of this country—Professor F. L. Ritter—which we find in the second series of his most excellent letters on the History of Music. He says: "As a special musical composer, many of his predecessors are, with regard to original melodic inventiveness, and continuity of organic,

thematic and contrapuntal development—the very foundation of musical art—far superior to him. But in the double capacity of poet and musician, as evinced by the creation of his great dramas, he stands unsurpassed; and the art world must wait long for his equal in this sense." And again: "Much in Wagner's dramas, in spite of all unprejudiced admiration for those works, must be pronounced monotonous and rather tedious: the 'endless melody' in its stern progression, in spite of all rational truth, often raises in the mind of the auditor-spectator a timid desire here and there for the refreshing impression of a 'little music.' Mozart, accepting, on the one hand, much of Glück's rigid manner, on the other, gave the whole style, by means of his great musical genius, a new charm and an exquisite ideal expression without neglecting truthful dramatic characterization. Another Mozart, without coming in great conflict with Wagner's theory, might possibly lend some portions of Wagner's works more ideal life and a sweeter charm." And these utterances, we think, will be accepted as the popular verdict of this age and generation upon Richard Wagner.

## ART.

## THE CAPACITIES OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

As is well known to the great body of its patrons, one of the fights which THE ALDINE has been waging, with great determination and flattering success, since the day of its first establishment, is the capacity of wood-engraving, not only to take rank with other processes of picture production and reproduction, but to take precedence of all others when brought to proximate perfection. Announcing this belief in some instances in words, and continually illustrating it in practice, we have found not a few who held with us, from the first; but we have likewise found no small number who clung to the old belief that there was some capacity in metal beyond the reach of wood, through which perfections could be attained not within the province of the more modern and already more popular material. Had we not believed that wood held capacity not only to equal, but to excel, we should certainly not have sought to make it a chief agent in building up of what we intended to stand at the head of American art. It has been a matter of no small pain to us, to see how slowly the minds of art lovers broke away from antiquated notions—how slowly they came to the realization of the great field of artistic beauty so laboriously cultivated of late in their behalf, and of the privileges of easy and comparatively cheap acquisition, which they were enjoying in consequence. It is only just to say, however, that the comparative capacities of the two arts have come to be better understood, with constantly increasing rapidity, during a very late period—that the belittling formula of praise: "Yes, very good—very good indeed, for wood-engraving!" has begun to be changed, even outside the informed circle of artists and art students, to: "Exquisite!—worthy of the best wood, which is saying everything!" Peculiarly do we mark this pleasant change in the tone of the press, always disposed to do full justice to an art of which their own is a work in harmony and often in connection. Testimonial after testimonial meets the eye, to the excellence of the wood-engraver's work, as appealing to the very highest tastes and meeting the most exigent requirements; and it needs scarcely to be said that such acknowledgments come very near to the hearts of those who believe themselves to have been faithful laborers in the cause. Seldom on this theme has more incisive truth met the eye, than that which we find in the *Philadelphia Telegraph* of a late date; and the enunciation is the more welcome and valuable, from the evidence which it affords of close study of the whole subject, and of full knowledge of the use and effect of words. The compliment paid in it to THE ALDINE is a high one; but not even our dislike to copy in our own columns the kind things said of us by others, can prevent our indorsing, by reproduction, the position assumed by one who proves himself so able as well as earnest a friend of wood-engraving, even to the extent of bearing an authority once held in very much higher esteem than it ever deserved. We may add that, whatever the praise bestowed upon the special work of art under notice by the *Telegraph*, there is in the present number, a picture showing the same characteristics and capacities of wood when perfectly mastered, in quite as eminent a degree, and sure to elicit approbation as decided as that which we quote following:

"John Ruskin is credited with saying that a poor painting is better than a good engraving—that is, the suggestions of color, even if unskillfully used, are more valuable than outline and light and shade, however well drawn; but if he did say anything of the kind, it is only one item of proof, in many, that he does not know half the time what he is talking about. Fifty years ago no one dreamed of the wonderful effects in black and white which are now reproduced by wood-engraving; and few of us know or can stop to consider what marvelous skill, what life-long devotion, what wealth of talent, is represented in a masterpiece of wood-engraving, which affords us, withal, perhaps but a moment's entertainment. Yet it will pay any person of appreciative mind to examine carefully the first good picture of this kind he encounters, analyze what he sees that gives pleasure or excites emotion, and then try to imagine the perfection that art has attained which presents such varied and complex suggestions by the simple use of black and white lines. Take, for example, 'The Daughter of Cleopatra,' in the January number of THE ALDINE—a three-quarter-length figure, painted by Vernet-Lecompte, a medalist of the French Academy. The meaning, the purpose and spirit of the artist are here rendered by the engraver with the fidelity of a perfect translation. A dusky beauty, of the darkest and richest brunet type, stands in superb pose, holding aloft a falcon which she is teasing with a crimson flower. What splendid vitality has this noble figure; how full of character the calm dark face, with the heavy brow and sensitive yet voluptuous mouth; how lustrous the deep black eyes, lamenent with subdued fire! The very tone and chiaro-oscuro of the painting, enriched with luminous shadows, are faithfully suggested in the engraving. It is, of course, impossible to detail in a paragraph the merits of a great picture, but such a work as this tells its own story without commentary. After sufficient contemplation has gratified taste, a lesson of more than passing interest may be learned by closer scrutiny. Careful study with a good magnifying glass will disclose the mysteries of the wood-engraver's art; how an almost infinite variety of lines are made to represent flesh-tints, textures of different fabrics, the hard glint of shining metal, the transparent purity of water, the round relief of woman's form or the midnight blackness of her hair. All these effects, and more than can here be told, the engraver produces in these our days; and by this token is his work lifted high above the reach of such stricture as that attributed to the eccentric critic. It is only fair to say there have been no contributors, in this country or elsewhere, who have done more to elevate and perfect the art of wood-engraving than THE ALDINE, above mentioned."

## LITERATURE.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND's poem, "The Mistress of the Manse," has deserved an earlier notice at our hands than we have been able to accord it, in the press of other matter not so easily "laid over" as the quiet and unpretending book-review. The book has deserved early recognition, from all who read—not only for its intrinsic merit, but because the assistance of all the world is due, in the effort to help any writer in the path best for himself and most beneficial to his fellow-men. Now there is no doubt whatever that Dr. Holland, called upon to declare "the faith that is in him," as to the walk in literature which he can best fill, all surrounding circumstances being equal, would state at once that his pride lay in his novels, with perhaps a reasonable proportion remaining to his editorship: that, meanwhile, he had a very moderate opinion, comparatively, of his poems, a mere relaxation, so-so, good enough, and so on. Meanwhile, the fact is, we fancy, that the novels of this writer range along on that indefinable line between bad and respectable, so vexatious to the world of readers, and so little capable of producing any lasting fame for their author, whatever they may be able to do in the way of earning him the bread of sale and devoument. And, also meanwhile, he is a true poet—one of the very truest, in spite of the fashion which seems to have arisen among the flippant and been adopted by many of those who should be capable of better things—the fashion of styling "Timothy Titcomb" a mere wordy rhymester, only a few removes above Martin Farquhar Tupper, and entirely off the plane of the very lowest of the immortals. The author of "Bitter-Sweet" and "Kathrina" not only deserves something better than this, in the way of classification, but he deserves a very high place among true poets—among that immortal choir, not too many in number, who have dared to sing at once ably, earnestly, purely, and clearly. This in a day when, whatever the other temptations, the inducement to be arrogantly mystical, and to wrap abstruse nonsense in swelling words, has been even greater than that to outrage at once the fetters of rhyme, the recognized laws of versification, and the dictates of decency. From the beginning, this writer, as a poet (and not less, by the way, as a prose writer), has been pure. From the beginning, also, he has been intelligible. Thousands of homes have been rendered happier, and their occupants wiser, through the pleasant teachings and gentle ministrations of "Bitter-Sweet;" and not one, it is pleasant to say, has been thereby befogged or reduced to admiration without understanding: very high praise is intended to be conveyed in the two assertions, though to a large class of the adherents of the Satanic and the Mythical schools, the very opposite must be involved. All honor to the author that he still remains both pure and intelligible—that in the "Mistress of the Manse" he forswears no old gods nor adopts the worship of any new ones, however popular. It is a sweet, sad little story, breathing, necessarily, more of domestic life as it should be than as it is, and yet near enough to absolute truth to come very close to the instructed feeling. Its faith is early declared, in the assertion that

"This great word, all words above,  
Including, yet defying all—  
Soft as the crooning of a dove  
And strong as the Archangel's call—  
Means only this—means only love!"

It has no plot—literally none; though of plan and purpose it is by no means deficient. The minister woos and wins a sweet young bride. He takes her home—she thus becoming the "Mistress of the Manse" (in borrowing of an old Scotch phrase for the parsonage, anticipated by Hawthorne, and thus already classical). Disappointments come—disappointments of feeling, principally: the minister's wife discovers that there are heart-burnings and disappointments when as yet only two have come into the house. One day she finds the path of peace in the path of duty—picking up a ragged and uncleanly waif and weaving that duty around her. Seldom is a biblical story more sweetly paraphrased than in the little song, growing out of this finding, and rather crooned than sung by her who has been thus fortunate:

"Poor little wafer of silver!  
More precious to me than its cost!  
It was worn of both image and legend,  
But priceless because it was lost.  
My chamber I carefully swept;  
I hunted, and wondered, and wept;  
And I found it at last with a cry:  
'Oh, dear little jewel,' said I;  
And I washed it with tears, all the day;  
Then I kissed it, and put it away.

"Poor little lamb of the sheepfold!  
Unlovely and feeble it grew;  
But it wandered away to the mountains,  
And was fairer the further it flew.  
I followed with hurrying feet  
At the call of its pitiful bleat,  
And precious, with wonderful charms,  
I caught it at last in my arms,  
And bore it far back to its keep,  
And kissed it and put it to sleep.

"Poor little vagrant from Heaven!  
It wandered away from the fold,  
And its weakness and danger endowed it  
With value more precious than gold.  
Oh, happy the day when it came,  
And my heart learned its beautiful name!  
Oh, happy the hour when I fed  
The waif of the angels with bread,  
And the lamb that the shepherd had missed  
Was sheltered and nourished and kissed!"

Not less pure and perfect is the episode of Jehangire and Nourmahal—a thing of exquisite beauty, the length of which only prevents copying it in this connection, and the manner of which quite equals anything from that prince of Oriental relators, Leigh Hunt. There is another lyric, however, not liable to the same objection as to length, and which we must quote—the more inevitably, as some wiseacres have already done it the honor to designate it as "nonsense." So it is—delicious nonsense, as a lullaby should be: as truly delicious nonsense, as the quips and cranks of Shakespeare's clowns are "admirable fooling." What does it mean? Nothing, probably: as addressed to a baby, what could or should anything mean, except sweet sound and the probability of some hidden expression of affection? And who will give us any abso-

lute "meaning," as possible to be deduced from either of admittedly the two sweetest modern lyrics in the language: the "Bugle Song" of Tennyson, or his "Break, break, break?" But to the lullaby itself, which is its own best excuse and *raison d'être*:

"Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!—  
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!  
Down into wonderland—  
Down to the underland—  
Go, oh go!  
Down into wonderland go!  
  
Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!  
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!  
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over!  
Down on the mother-world,  
Down on the other world,  
Sleep, oh sleep!  
Down on the mother-world sleep!  
  
Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!  
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!  
Into the stilly world—  
Into the lily-world,  
Gone, oh gone!  
Into the lily-world, gone!"

It is to be regretted that the after-joys of the Mistress could not have remained unclouded, or that some other mode of marring them could not have been found, than in that ever-recurring "going away to the war," which has grown insufferably tiresome, now that the work is done and all the glamour worn away from the manner of its doing. But no fault can well be found with the poet, even for this choice, as we have no doubt still to endure at least a quarter of a century of such reminiscences, before romance and poetry become half as tired of them as are already the body of readers. We have to say, again, that, taken all in all, the "Mistress of the Manse" is not only a good poem but a fable one, giving the writer strong support in maintaining high position already worthily won, if it tends to lift him no higher than that eminence.

Two books of mark came to us at once from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, which accordingly deserve to be written of in the same connection, and the more assuredly so because they form a part of what we can not but regard as having been an exceptionally excellent whole. We refer to "Malcolm," the new novel by George Macdonald, which has been for some time running in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and "The New Hyperion," which has been accompanying in the same publication. George Macdonald has certainly never before written anything so powerful, and at the same time so truly and broadly Scottish, as "Malcolm"—the characters of Malcolm himself, Miss Horn, the poor Mad Laird, the harridan Mrs. Catanach, Duncan, Lady Florimel, Mrs. Campbell, little Phemie, Graham, Lord Lossie, and indeed nearly all concerned, being limned at once with a force and faithfulness truly wonderful,—and the only possible dissatisfaction being the sense that the whole is by no means yet told or understood. In a different way, nearly as much may be said of "The New Hyperion," which is understood to be from the pen of a New York journalist of repute (for this occasion, Edward Strahan), and which certainly carries the reader over the great route of German and Rhineland travel ("from Paris to Marly, by way of the Rhine"), with inimitable drollery and much skill at scenery and character-painting, the delight being materially added to by the perfect wealth of illustrations by Gustave Doré, crowding every page and giving form alike to sober scenery and droll adventure. Not the least remarkable feature of this book is the adoption of the Longfellowian pseudonym of "Paul Flemming," and the quasi-romance quasi-merriment thence derived. It may be going beyond the province of legitimate criticism, to say so much, but we are disposed to go all the distance of saying (referring to the "exceptionally excellent whole"), that we have never chanced to meet any monthly magazine, on either continent, quite as uniformly good throughout, as Lippincott's, during the progress through it of these two books, especially with a third element of mark added, in the "Three Feathers" of William Black. Messrs. Lippincott and Mr. Editor John Foster Kirke may divide this compliment between them, as they list and as they may feel themselves entitled to do. Meanwhile, we wish them and the reading public many more such novels as "Malcolm," and many more such delightfully whimsical books of travel as "The New Hyperion."

Horace Walpole's wish in literary setting, "a rivulet of text in a meadow of margin," is very nearly carried out in "Treasure Trove," an octavo which comes without the name of any author, and without any other publishing imprint than that which seems to belong to the printers—E. L. Freeman & Co., Central Falls, R. I. In most regards it is a very elegant specimen of the typographical art, the ruled pages, attractive head and tail pieces, and all the minutiae being very tasteful, even to the extent of making the ornamental letters heading the stanzas, durable if not pleasing. The etchings, however, are by no means worthy of the type-work; and the one circle, which may or may not be meant for Indian hieroglyphics, would not have been the worse for some hint of its meaning. The true lover of fine book-making, too, will wonder why heavily toned paper should have been employed in a part of the volume, and much lighter toned, almost white, in the remainder. With these blemishes noted, the book is really a very handsome one, and quite worthy of the trouble and cost which have evidently been expended upon it in a manner a little bizarre. As a literary work, many more words would be necessary to convey any idea of what is quite as bizarre, to the extent of being almost a medley. It is cut up into parts and divisions, with a recklessness not a little confusing; and the number of short musical bars, introductory sonnets, and other things of the character, make it little else than kaleidoscopic in general effect. The principal divisions seem to be three: "Treasure Trove" proper, "The Dead Maiden," and "Gage and Guerdon," while the subdivisions are literally numberless. Through the whole there runs side by side scholarship and oddity, with much power included; and we can well imagine that there was in the mind of the writer a much more clearly defined purpose than he has managed to make apparent to the comprehension of the reader. What, since the days of the most crazily magnificent of men, Beckford, of "Caliph Vathek," could ever compare with

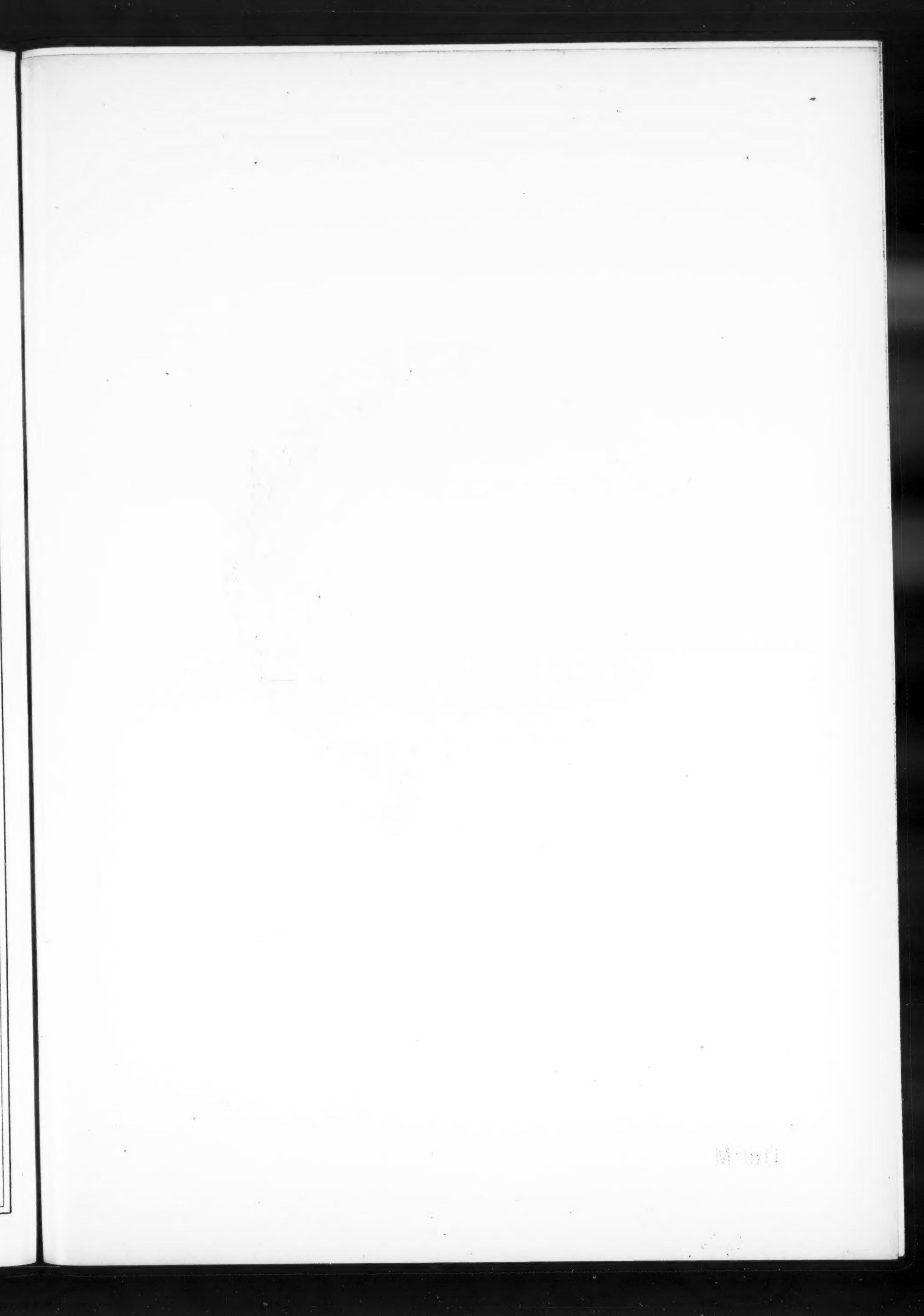
this fancy of what the speaker in "Treasure Trove" would have huddled together in one literal *omnium gatherum* of a palace, after the coming home of those ships for which we are all waiting? Hear him, and be sad, ye who have fancied that you had desires and aspirations:

"Now, for the world may I possess the earth,  
In that rich palace which, Aladdin-like,  
Shall rise in joy to benefit mankind,  
Holding the works of all chalcographers  
For all men's study, rich no more than poor.  
Men will aspire, and I will lend them aid,  
Owning with them those costly books of art  
Of those old masters, rarer than their fame,  
Proof-print engraving from the earliest time:  
Musée Français and Royal, without press,  
The Houghton Gallery, Florence, priceless gems,  
The Liber Veritatis, works of Bartsch,  
The Liber Studiorum, Turner's gift,  
The dilettante publications, works of Bartsch,  
Of Ottley, Mengs, Visconti, Winckelmann.  
Writers in art, its history, theory,  
Tuerdanc and Der Weiss Konig, Durer, too,  
True Albert Durer, I would have all his,  
And Luke of Leyden, and the Sadeler,  
Nanteuil, with Louis' portrait, size of life,  
Edelinck and Drevet, Marc Antonio,  
Of Italy; of Italy! I shall see the land!  
Callot, Ostade, great Rembrandt, stingy god!  
I'll own Christ-proof of the healing one,  
The hundred-guilder piece, Sharp, Waterloo,  
Woollett and Strange, and Wiele, Fiquet Schmidt,  
Of Longhi Morgnen, Eoclem, masters all—  
Enough, enough!"

So we should say!—quite enough, if there were to remain more than two persons in the world. It is notable that the longing soul has not expressed any desire after all the Elzevirs, or even after all the Aldines, which would certainly be necessary as letter-press accompaniment to that catalogue; and we must accept this omission as proof of the general impression that in THE ALDINE of the present day, all the old is so dwarfed in excellence as to make antiquarianism in that direction impolitic. But we pause here, to take breath, and to own that the more we think of the whole work the more mystified we grow. It is certainly a wonderful commingling, displaying rare command of both thought and language, but creating the impression of a willful waste of rich material, through lack of plan or utter disregard of outlay. Some day we hope to read it, consecutively: when that day comes, we may have something more to say of what now creates the impression of a species of verbal museum rather than a mere book made after the ordinary manner of men.

The well-known English art publication, *The Portfolio*, concluded its fifth volume with December, 1874, and opened its sixth with January, 1875, the American management in the hands of Mr. J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, in connection with the London publishing house of Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, Fleet Street. It needs scarcely to be said that the publication commends itself to lovers of art, on both sides of the Atlantic, with a force materially added to by the high names represented in it, and not impaired by the cost necessarily involved. As many of the readers of THE ALDINE must be aware, but as necessarily some of them are ignorant, *The Portfolio* makes etching its specialty—the love for that peculiar branch of art, in England, being only less general than that in France, where it may be said to reign paramount over all other forms of reproduction, and where the Société d'Eaux Fortes (Aqua Fortis or Etching Club) holds position quite beside the body of highest recognized artists. Etching has as yet reached only a secondary position in America, the specialty being scarcely followed as profession, and very few of our painters reproducing their own pictures (as did George L. Brown his noble painting of the "Bay and Harbor of New York," painted for the Prince of Wales) with the etching-needle. When it assumes a more prominent position among us, that result must be very materially brought about through education of taste in that direction, by the dissemination of such works as *The Portfolio*. Among the veritable gems of the volume for 1874, are the magnificent "Rembrandt," from his own painting (in the National Gallery), etched by Waltner; "Elizabeth of Valois," from Antonio Moro, etched by Jacquemart, and with a finish in jewels and drapery really wonderful; "Burial at Sea," after Turner, etched by Brunet-Debaines; "The Wife of Scriverius," after Franz Hals, etched by Didier; "Girl from Anacapri," after F. Leighton, R. A., etched by Wise; "Ruined Castle on a Lake," after Cuyp, etched by Brunet-Debaines; "The Child Miranda," after F. W. Burton, also etched by Wise; "The Tailor," after Moroni, etched by Le Rat; "Old House at Cochem," by Ernest George; "Philip IV. of Spain," after Velasquez, etched by Rajon; "Portrait of a Lady," after Sir Joshua Reynolds (perhaps the best hair that we have ever seen in an etching), also etched by Rajon; "Low Tide," after Chintreuil, etched by Martial; "Fighting Bulls," after J. Ward, etched by Wise; "The Fighting Téméraire," after Turner, etched by Rajon; "Portrait of Rembrandt," etched by Massaloff (said to be an amateur, but his work fully equal to anything in the collection); "Spring," by Hedouin, (matchless in the delicate grace of manipulation—the face and hair of the more distant female especially); "A Breton Peasant," by Legros; "Banquet of the Civic Guard," after F. Hals, etched by Unger; and the "Fort of Andreselles," by Vaillant. Many minor etchings accompany; and the interest of the volume is materially added to by a series of illustrations of old features in Winchelsea, Rye, Romney, etc.; by those charming serial papers, "The Sylvan Year," from the pen of the editor, P. G. Hamerton; and by other papers of merit, proving that there is one art publication other than THE ALDINE awake to the fact that while presenting the very highest excellence in illustration, something else than the driest of art details are necessary for securing corresponding literary celebrity. We could wish nothing better to the cause of art in America, than a somewhat wider dissemination of *The Portfolio* than it is likely to attain: first, because in securing it the patrons would undoubtedly be benefited to the full extent of their outlay: and second, that in the acquisition some of them would learn the cost involved in the production of any meritorious art publication, and the consequent cheapness with which they have been supplied with their home favorite!

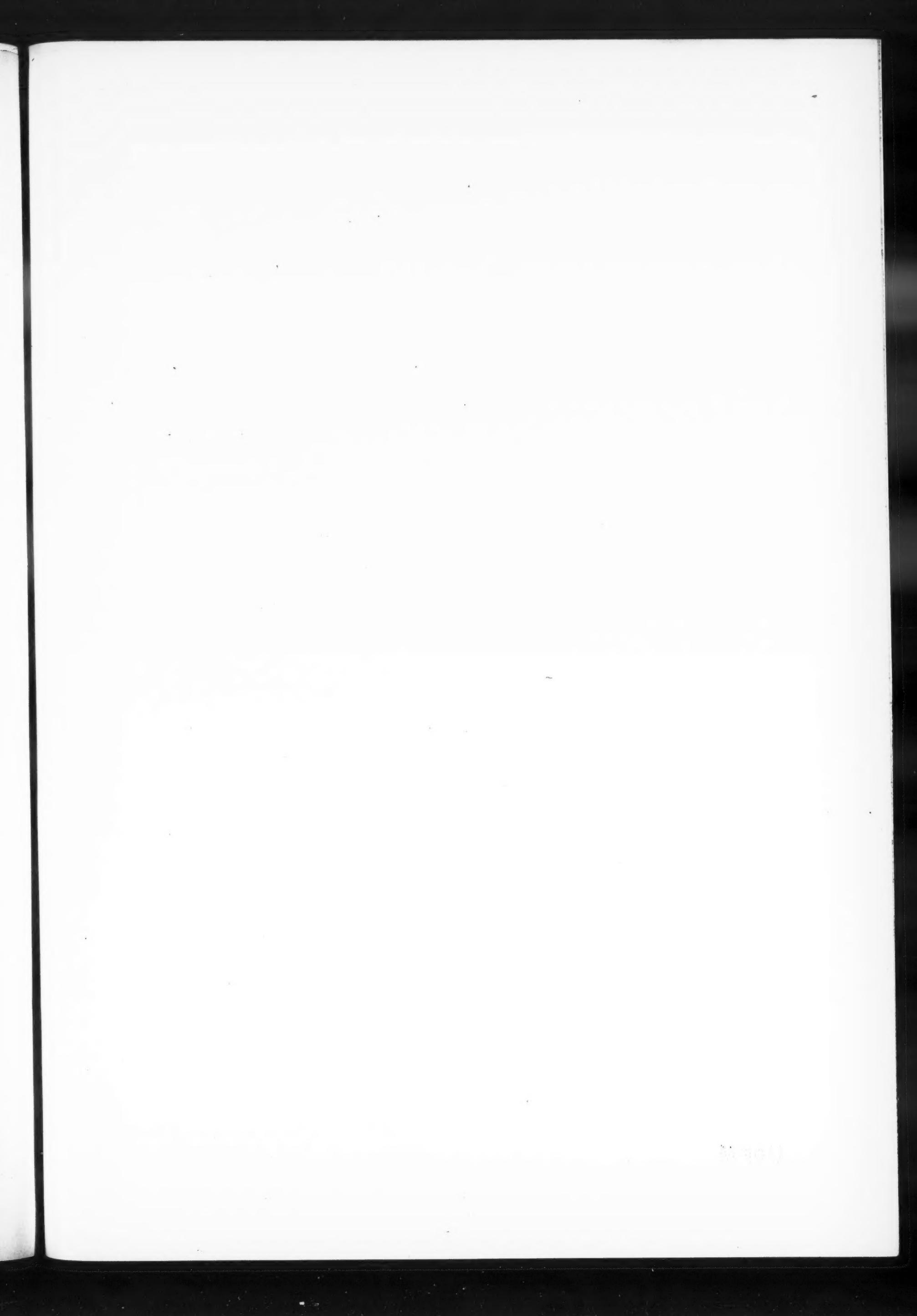
"THE ALDINE PRESS"—THE ALDINE COMPANY, Printers and Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

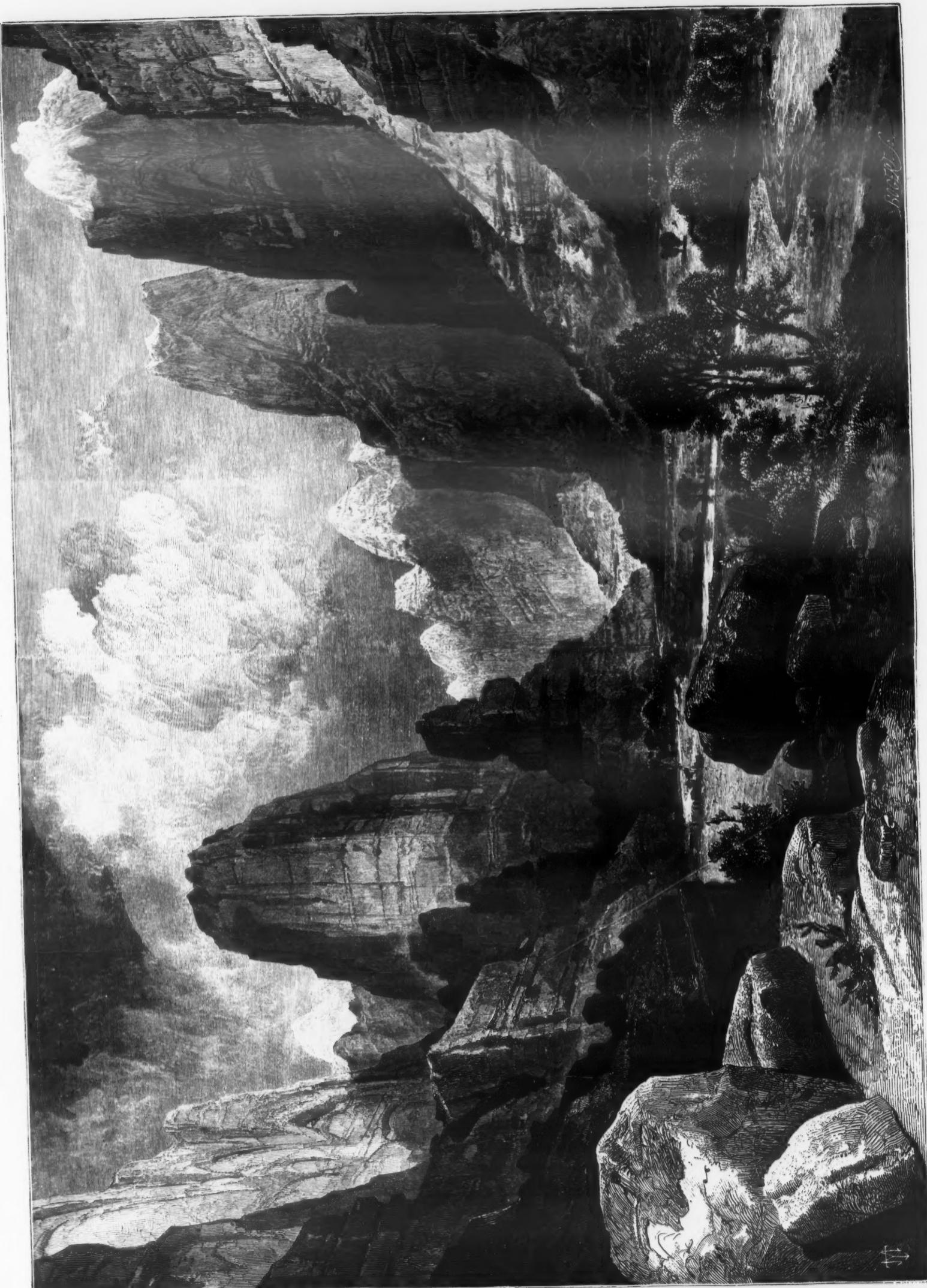




SPRING.

The trees are bursting into bud and bloom;  
The hills lie blue beneath a sapphire sky;  
The birds breathe music, and the flowers perfume;  
The pools lie placid as a maiden's eye.  
Young love, embodied in a youth and maid,  
With present joy foretelling future bliss,  
Lie on the velvet turf, beneath the shade,  
And dream no other heaven can vie with this!





VALLEY OF THE BABBLING WATERS, UTAH.—THOMAS MORAN.